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The Week

SINCE the original issues have disappeared from the controversy between the railroad shopmen and the carriers, and the former are ready to return to work, if they retain seniority, on the promise of the Labor Board to review the wage award, it will be concluded that the strike was unnecessary and unsuccessful, that the men were at fault and paid for great damage inflicted on the public by loss of employment, and that the Labor Board, which offered to reopen the case on July 1st, is now completely vindicated as an agency of conciliation. Let us see. The Board handed down its original decisions, in the face of the expressed determination of the men to strike for a living wage. It delayed its offer to reopen the question until arrangements for the strike had gone so far that they could not be recalled. The shopmen having struck, it consented to reopen the case of the maintenance of way men. It took advantage of the strike to obtain the surrender of the railroads in the matter of out-contracting for repairs. Previously it had failed so conspicuously to press this issue that President Harding had never heard of its existence. Read aright the lesson of the strike is the failure of the Labor Board to draw power from any source except a strike. It would seem to be susceptible only to the argument effective with the employing class in general—a club.

THE National Industrial Conference Board, whose bias is always on the side of the employers in every industrial struggle, finds that the railway shopmen enjoy weekly earnings 32 percent higher than workers performing similar tasks in outside shops. The Labor Bureau, Inc., whose bias is on the side of labor, points out that the rates in outside shops which serve as a basis of comparison are selected "by the uncertain method of questionnaires sent through the mails rather than through qualified investigators." If statistics are to play a part in determining the attitude of the public in industrial disputes, it is time that something be done to restrain the flood of statistics which look impartial but are nothing but seductive propaganda.

NO wonder the Senate flew into a rage when Senator Caraway proposed an inquiry into the financial interest of the several senators in the tariff schedules under debate. For a century and a quarter senators have been unchallenged in their right to vote taxes upon the consumer and profits into their own pockets in the name of the patriotic policy of protection. There has never been a tariff enacted that did not enrich some senators and representatives. Why should they not vote to enrich themselves, just as their ordinary constituents do? But there would be great public interest in an inquiry that would set the amounts down in black and white. "Senator X, $20,000 a year from the glove duties; Senator Y, $30,000 a year from the wool duties; Senator Z, $15,000 from

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steel duties." To be impartial the benefits from the free list ought to be set down as well. "Senator A, $30,000 from free raw materials; Senator B, $3,000 from reduced costs of living." If the same precise accounting could be applied to the benefits and costs to the ordinary citizen, no protective tariff law could ever be enacted.

DURING the war the Alien Property Custodian seized the property in this country of the Orenstein-Koppel A. G. of Berlin and sold the plants and goodwill to one William A. Chamberlain, who subsequently transferred these rights to the Koppel Industrial Car and Equipment Co. The sum paid was $1,312,000, considerably below the value of the property. After the war the German firm resumed business in America through an agency. The American purchasers attempted to restrain this action on the ground that it was a resumption of the goodwill which had been sold. In deciding against them Judge Augustus N. Hand makes the point that if the German corporation had voluntarily conveyed its property and business to the American company, there would be an implied covenant on the part of the grantor to abstain from business involving solicitation of former customers, but that a forced sale, like a sale in bankruptcy, involves no such obligation. He holds that a seizure by the Alien Property Custodian cannot affect the right of a foreign corporation to do business in this country in its own name after the war power is exhausted.

SENATOR UNDERWOOD'S attitude toward enemy private property is, except for a legal quibble, identical with that of the Bolshevik leaders. Both the Bolsheviks and Senator Underwood stand for the confiscation of enemy private property. Senator Underwood thrusts his tongue into his cheek and advises the German nationals robbed of their property here to apply for compensation to the German government, all of whose revenues above necessary civil expenses are mortgaged twice over to the Allies. It has not yet occurred to the Bolsheviks to advise French and Belgian claimants of property in Russia to apply for compensation to the late Tsar and the later Supreme Dictator Kolchak.

AS the military position of the republicans in Ireland grows worse, and they are driven to guerrilla warfare in the field, it is natural that they should adopt the same tactics in their political offensive. They are trying to pick off Griffith, Collins and Mulcahy by the charge that they are acting in collusion with the British government, and have beeen all along stool pigeons, plants, agents provocateurs. There is a deadly plausibility about this accusation. Every revolt in Ireland in the past has been sold out. Why not this? The answer is that betrayal, if such there be, should have been found out before this. In the long course of fighting and negotiation there was plenty of opportunity for traitors to be unmasked. It is true that Griffith and Collins are now fighting England's battle as well as their own, and probable that they receive assistance and supplies from the English forces. This may turn out for good as the beginning of a friendship between the governments of Southern Ireland and England which may have an important bearing on the future, especially as regards Ulster. And if the republicans hate this rapprochement, they have themselves to blame.

DURING the four years since the beginning of the great Allied offensive an impressive memorial has been erected near the ruins of Vauquois in the Argonne, bearing the names of French, American and Italian regiments which took part in the most terrible of all campaigns in the recorded annals of war. The dedication of that monument furnished M. Poincaré with an opportunity for renewed fulmination in favor of the next and still more terrible war. He found no more significant way of paying honor to the men who fell, or giving consolation to their friends, than the reiteration of the cry, "Germany was responsible for the war, and either with good grace or under compulsion she will pay." It is time for M. Poincaré to be told that if there is no new spirit in France there is in America and in Italy. As a matter of taste, if not of feeling, he will do well to refrain from expending his eloquence on themes of vengeance and blood money when the occasion is the honoring of our dead.

IT is apparently the intention of the government of France to implant such enmity in the minds of Germans that permanent peace between the two nations will be impossible. Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard, in his series of articles on Germany, in the Nation, deals with several forms of outrage perpetrated by the conquerors. There is, first, the terrific financial burden of the occupation, military and civil, which has reached the total of one and a half billion dollars. One significant item is that of the Rhineland Commission, which is limited by the treaty to four members. Actually it provides for more than 1,000 French job hunters. The inevitable hardships of military occupation are intensified by the French use of black troops, and by the compulsory establishment of brothels for

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their use. A further abuse has been recently discussed in the Reichstag, the recruiting in Germany for the French foreign legion. It is stated that ten recruiting stations are maintained in Germany, and the number of men already enlisted is upwards of 12,000. By the Treaty of Versailles Germany exchanged pledges with twenty-seven nations that her citizens should not enter foreign military service. Only France insisted that her foreign legion should be exempted from this provision. In the face of all these provocations the prophecy made to Mr. Villard by German pacifists that in five years Germany would rise against her oppressor with bare fists seems but a reasonable expectation.

RECENT events in China are more than usually confused but it is plain at least that the national reunification that was expected to follow on the recent civil war has been mired in the bogs of South China factionalism. After Wu Pei-fu had conquered in the North there was bright prospect of a united government again for the first time since 1917. Wu is known as a "good" militarist, *the only one in China who has public confidence.* Moreover, he began by accepting all the conditions that the South had previously stipulated for cancelling its technical independence. He forced out the universally distrusted president, Hsu Shih-chang, and recalled the old parliament, the body illegally dismissed in 1917. Then a split developed in the South. Chen Chiung-ming, the head of the larger and moderate party, wanted to join in a united government. Dr. Sun Yat-sen, the old revolutionary and the head of the intransigent element, refused, although all his demands had been granted except, significantly, his own elevation to the presidency. The breach widened and Chen Chiung-ming, who holds preponderancy of military power in the only province loyal to the South, drove Sun out of Canton.

THE way has not yet been cleared for peace, however. Dr. Sun has returned to contest possession of Canton, the capital city of the South, with the support of a small body of troops and a few gunboats. Desultory fighting has been in progress for a fortnight, with neither side willing to risk a battle that may result in the destruction of the historic and wealthy old city. The weight of Chinese opinion appears to be solidly against Sun. The Chinese people want peace above anything else and they are tired of Sun's perpetual recalcitrancy and his periodic alliances with the pro-Japanese and the worst elements in the country. And now he appears to be fighting with a purely personal motive rather than for a principle, as before. But Sun is a determined man (a very self-determined man, as a Chinese student new to English idiom once said of him) and he has a passionately loyal though small following. He can do little in a positive way but he still has large powers of obstruction. In the meantime a truly national peace is halted.

AID in Russian reconstruction is not going to come through the western governments. If it is to come at all it must come from private sources. After all, the chief reservoirs of credit are in private hands. The discussions of Mr. Sidney Hillman with the Soviet authorities indicate clearly enough that a way can be found for bringing American resources and organizing ability to bear upon the problem of reconstruction. Entire industries, with very respectable plants, can be had under lease. Ordinary labor, not well trained but eager for training, is present in inexhaustible supply. Through the consumers' cooperative organization it would be practicable to convert most of the products of industry into the food and supplies required by labor. Export licenses can be had for enough of the product to pay good dividends on whatever new capital is invested, and amortization on any foreign capital originally invested in the industry. Those who realize that there can be no hope of either prosperity or peace in Europe until Russian reconstruction is under way would do well to investigate the opportunities for industrial intervention that are already available, or could be made available, if there were sufficient American interest in them.

Where Harding Stands

IT is President Harding's aspiration to maintain the rôle of a friendly neutral in the conflict between labor and capital. He believes sincerely that he is neutral. There is a great fund of general goodwill in his breast, and its effulgence falls upon the man in overalls as well as upon the man in frock coat and top hat. He would like to see labor steadily employed, well paid and contented. He would like to see capital buoyant and prospering. Temperamentally, President Harding answers well to the requirements of friendly neutrality.

But neutrality is a difficult position. To maintain it, clearness of head is as necessary as innocence of heart. The real neutral must understand thoroughly the issues involved and be able to face them from the point of view of either side. In

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spite of the best will in the world toward both sides, defect in intellectual power will inevitably range a man on the side which makes the most definite appeal to his unacknowledged prejudices and preconceptions. President Harding may not realize it, but in two communications made public in his name within the last two weeks he has aligned himself so definitely with the side of capital that no one will ever again be able to pay serious attention to his professions of impartiality.

The first of these revealing communications is the letter to Mr. Dean, of July 25th. There a sharp antithesis is drawn between the strikers and the strike breakers. Both are exercising their rights. But

> the difference between the two positions is that the striking railroad workers exercise their rights of freedom in seeking to hinder the necessary transportation of the country notwithstanding the provision made by law for the consideration of any just grievance, and the striking miners seek to prevent the production of coal . . . notwithstanding the offer of an agency to make an impartial settlement, while the men who choose to work in response to the call of the country are exercising their like rights, and at the same time making their contribution to our common American welfare.

It is known to President Harding, or if not, it ought to be, that the "provision for the consideration of any just grievance" in the railway field is very inadequate, that decisions of the Railway Labor Board have been flouted by the railways with impunity, and that therefore labor could not reasonably be required to regard them as binding. This particular controversy must accordingly be judged on its merits. Are the railway shopmen fighting for a position of unwarranted privilege or are they standing manfully against sweating and slavery? In either case the President's conclusion would place them in a position morally inferior to that of the strike breakers who are "making their contribution to our common American welfare."

Similarly it is known or ought to be known to President Harding that his proposed coal commission could not have been accepted as impartial until its personnel was known, nor, even if it had really proved impartial, could its good offices have guaranteed the miners' rights in the settlement so long as only a majority—how constituted nobody knows—of the coal operators were ready to accept it. For there is no majority rule in industry. The minority, under no obligations to observe the award, could have gone ahead with their union-smashing activities. Not even President Harding could have expected labor to bid with alacrity for such a pig in a poke. But because they did not, President Harding places them morally in a position inferior to that of the strike breakers. "Our common American welfare" seems not, in President Harding's eyes, to depend at all upon the maintenance of decent standards of living, but only upon the immediate reopening of the coal mines, whether by peons or by free labor.

In his letter to Governor Groesbeck of Michigan of July 28th President Harding makes his position even clearer. He has now discovered that "the policy of the national organization is hostile to any state or district arrangement. This apparently is one of the issues involved, and one which must be definitely settled." To be sure it is "one of the issues." It is the issue of life or death for any mine workers' organization. If the workers are beaten on it nothing will stand in the way of the operators wearing them down in one state or district and then using competition as a club to crush them in another. It is, as the President says in a later paragraph, the big issue involved. And what he proposes to do about it is "to submit the whole problem to Congress," with a view to securing a law which may break up the national organization. He has only the coal industry in mind, but obviously what applies to coal would apply to every other interstate industry. No national labor unions: which means, in this country, no labor unions at all powerful enough to make terms with interstate capital.

Neither Mr. Gary nor the National Manufacturers Association has taken a position more hostile to labor than that. What has brought a well intentioned man, meaning to be impartial, to such an extreme of partisanship? He is unable to understand the issues involved, and has therefore slipped back into the domination of his prejudices and preconceptions. And these date back to McKinley. They rest on the assumption that production and profits are the only essential factors in the common good, and that the employer, whose interest lies in production and profits, and the docile laborers, still more the strike breakers, are the men who are "loyal to the public welfare."

The Key to European Settlement

WITH its characteristic energy the New York World has set out to awaken the American people to a realization of the fact that the key to European peace is in the custody of the American government. It lies with our government to say whether or not European nations shall address themselves to economic and social reconstruction

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or continue to threaten one another and fear one another until actual hostilities come to be looked upon almost as the lesser evil. Our government, it may safely be assumed, understands this very well. It does not act, because it conceives of the American people as too stupid to support a far-reaching policy of peace and civil recovery. Too stupid, not too selfish, for an enlightened selfishness would insist first of all upon the one policy which can bring us back our European markets and restore our prosperity.

The key to peace, which America holds, consists in our money claims against England, France and Italy. There cannot be peace in Europe so long as the Allies persist in their vain efforts to squeeze out of Germany an indemnity far beyond Germany's capacity to pay. Germany is visibly disintegrating under the pressure. If this pressure must continue indefinitely a war of German liberation is written in the stars. The French are quite aware of this; so also are the Poles and the Little Entente. Under such a menace it would be suicidal for any of those nations to disarm. America gave a hundred thousand lives and eighteen billions of treasure to wind up a war in whose making she had no part. What will she have to give to wind up the war that will spring from the seed that America and the Allies sowed when they repudiated their pledge of abstention from indemnities? We need not delude ourselves with the hope that we shall avoid embroilment in that struggle. Even more than the last, it will be fought without rules, without regard to any neutral rights. And if our statesmen of today are too short sighted or too cowardly to take the initiative toward abating the risk of war, history will impose upon them a large share in the responsibility for the catastrophe to civilization that must follow.

But it is not America that is attempting to collect the indemnity from Germany. How then are we responsible for its excesses, except that President Wilson, on his own responsibility, admitted it in a treaty we never ratified? Indirectly we are placing pressure upon the French to collect the indemnity, by trying to hold the French to the payment of sums which they cannot themselves pay. Still more indirectly, we are bringing additional pressure to bear on France through England. When we insist that the British pay us the sums we loaned for carrying on the war, we make it difficult if not impossible for any British government to cancel the greater debts which France and Italy owe England. But if France must pay enormous sums to both England and the United States, how can she be expected to cut back her demands on Germany to reasonable limits? France, England and America, we are all playing Shylock, insisting upon our principal and interest, knowing well that we shall get in the end only mountains of putrefying flesh, rivers of blood. But as matters stand, America is Shylock in chief.

This relation has long been recognized by Americans who were willing to face realities. Before the end of the war was in sight, the New Republic (September 7, 1918) pointed out the scandalous and injurious effect of the tributary relation in which France would be placed by the necessity of paying interest on debts contracted to carry on the common enterprise of the German war. We showed that there could be no stable international organization to end war if the nations which fought for peace issued from the struggle unequally burdened. At that time, we believe, French and British public opinion would have accepted a generous solution of the inter-Allied financial problem, and of the associated problem of a stable peace. But neither the Wilson administration nor the American press exhibited the least interest in any problems so remote as the essential conditions of a real peace. The matter rested until the Peace Conference. At that time President Wilson could have established the German indemnity at a reasonable figure if he had dared to join France and England in clearing away the inter-Allied debts. He did not dare. In his concentration upon his propaganda for a paper League he had neglected utterly to acquaint the American public with the gravity of the international financial situation.

Again in 1920 there was a chance of opening up the whole question of reparations, the Allied debts and the restoration of European stability. In a letter to President Wilson, Lloyd George wrote, on August 5, 1920, that the British government stood for fixing German reparations at a point within Germany's reasonable capacity to pay, and that Millerand would accept this view provided that the French debts to England and America were treated in the same way. But Wilson pigeonholed the letter, and until almost a year had elapsed nobody in America even knew that the suggestion had been made.

Now, nearly four years after the close of hostilities, we are again approaching a time when a willingness on the part of the United States to reconsider the whole question of reparations and debts might exert a powerful influence upon European policy. At the meeting of Lloyd George and Poincaré the French debt to England will certainly be discussed. It has been made known, authoritatively, that Poincaré is willing to abate the German indemnity if England and America will make corresponding reductions in the French debt.

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England is ready, as she has been all along, to wipe out the French debt to her provided we scale her debt to us. Once more it falls to us to determine whether Europe shall set out on the road toward peace, or be left to sink deeper into anarchy.

The Harding administration is just as aware as was the Wilson administration of our responsibility to work toward peace through financial readjustment. Like the Wilson administration, it is afraid to act. It is afraid of a public to which it imputes such a depth of stupidity and greed as to make any intelligent handling of the reparations and debt problem impracticable.

We do not know of the existence of any such benighted public. The American people, as we know them, believe in looking sharply to their own interests. They are not disposed to release their debtors from a ten billion dollar liability, with nothing to show for it but more money voted by the debtor states for military purposes. Americans would expect to find a certain amount of crookedness and over-reaching in any proposals offered by Lloyd George or Poincaré. But we do not believe that there are many Americans who would not be willing to entertain a proposal for cancelling the Allied debts, provided that our debtors would agree to such reductions in indemnities and in military preparations as would set Western Europe on its feet, economically. At least the Harding administration ought to ascertain, officially, the best terms the Allied nations are willing to make, and let the American people pass judgment on them.

The fact that the World has taken up this issue is significant. It means that hundreds of thousands of persons will be forced to reflect on the position America is now holding. It is significant also as a symptom. The World does not espouse forlorn causes. It tries to keep in advance of public opinion, but not too much in advance. Its editors must have known, three years ago, that the Allied debts and the reparations problem would have to be disposed of together. But it waited. In taking up the issue at this time it tacitly expresses its judgment that the public is at last ready to consider a policy which rests on realities.

A Policy for the Civil Service

PRESIDENT HARDING has apparently discovered that he spoke hastily when he remarked that "Government, after all, is a simple thing." It is difficult to maintain even a fair level of administration and yet treat the Civil Service as a haven for "just folks" and friends and relatives. Attorney General Daugherty attacked the merit system before the House Committee on Appropriations last winter, stating that "Civil Service is a hindrance to government. I would rather take the recommendation of a political committee for the appointment of a man or woman than be compelled to go through the requirements of the Civil Service to secure an employee." Senators New, Harreld and Moses and many representatives have urged lately the abolition of competitive examinations and the merit system. Peculiar significance attaches to this attitude of important members of the Republican party in view of the removal by President Harding of certain Treasury officials.

On March 31st the President dismissed Director Wilmeth and Assistant Director Fisher of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing and appointed successors. The same order "abolished" twenty-six offices in the Bureau and dismissed their incumbents, but "established" new offices in lieu of the old whose incumbents were to be appointed by the new Bureau Chief. The order was issued, it was stated, "for the good of the service." No hearing or notice had been given the discharged men.

The New York Times, in an editorial entitled The Spoils Muddle, published on April 8th, stated: "The records of these men are such as to demand an explanation of the causes of their removal. Mr. George Rose entered the employ of the Bureau thirty-nine years ago at $1.25 a day. By successive promotions he became Chief of the Engraving Division with a salary of $5,000. Is such a man to be thrown out arbitrarily? Take the case of E. H. Ashworth, Custodian of Dies, Rolls and Plates. His position is so responsible that his work is checked up each year. The inspection had just been completed by three Republican agents in the Treasury Department. On Friday, March 31st, at four o'clock, they wrote a letter to the Secretary of the Treasury highly commending Mr. Ashworth. At 6:45 the same evening he got notice that the President had discharged him 'for the good of the service.' " Director Wilmeth had been in the service twenty-four years, was made Chief Clerk of the Treasury Department during the Taft administration and Director of the Bureau during the Wilson administration.

On April 2nd the discharged officials, after a vain attempt to meet President Harding to find out the cause of their removal, left at the Executive Offices a memorandum which stated, in part:

"In view of the implications of the executive order and the White House statement . . . which have cast a reflection upon our characters suggesting either gross inefficiency or, what is worse, cor-

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ruption of some kind, we felt that as American citizens we have the right to know the nature of such charges and by whom they were made. Furthermore as civil servants we feel that our rights have been violated and that the provision of the Civil Service law with respect to the dismissal of employees was totally disregarded in our case." The President's secretary, Mr. Christian, replied that "The President has no wish to reflect upon the character of any government employee, but he did hold that a sweeping change in the bureau was essential for the good of the service." During the party debate which followed in the Senate Senator Harreld declared that the departments were "reeking with disloyalty to the Administration. I hope the President will keep it up." The National Civil Service Reform League, which like the National Federation of Federal Employees has protested against this act of the President, has asserted that the action of removal without notice and hearing is a violation of the law (37 S. at L. 555). It is moot question whether Congress can by statute limit the removal powers of the President. The law does establish, however, the moral claim of a great service to be protected from arbitrary and hidden acts of this kind.

The discovery of the recent attempt to enlist wide-spread Congressional support for partisan removals in the Treasury Department has revealed further that as yet we have not even secured a negative program for protecting our personnel from occasional assaults. The mere first step toward a satisfactory governmental personnel policy is the erection of barriers against the use of the Civil Service for partisan purposes. What is today most important is the progressive development of a more positive program which will recruit able men and women for the service and provide careers for them there.

It must be recognized that our problem of administration has outgrown solution by negative inhibitions upon the greed of politicians, basic though these inhibitions are. Government today has a wider area of regulation, inspection, supervision, and actual operation. The nature of these tasks is more complex, and these problems can less and less be solved by statute and more and more require the entrusting to civil servants of a wide discretion and freedom in applying a general policy to specific situations.

The Joint Commission on Reclassification which reported to Congress two years ago supplies us with a fairly satisfactory basis of factual material concerning the federal employment problem. A measure embodying some of the recommendations of the commission for a reclassification of the services in Washington on the basis of duties, responsibilities and qualifications (known as the Sterling bill) has passed the House and is before the Senate. While not adequate to present needs, it is a step toward a thorough reclassification upon which salary standardization can be based, and if wisely administered by the Bureau of the Budget and the United States Civil Service Commission can be made an instrument for further progress. Once the service is opened to persons of the necessary training and experience, with adequate salaries for each grade of work, a career is made available to men and women who would otherwise turn away because no future seemed assured there. Of course the higher administrative posts should be thrown open, as the Civil Service Commission has recommended.

Finally the experience, the loyalty and interest of the service should be made available to the directors of administration by representation of the civil servants both by departments and by functional groups. The cavalier treatment represented by hasty removal without notice or hearing would be made more difficult where the experience and point of view of the whole service was recruited for the purposes of administering fairly a personnel policy of the government. The great development of the administrative services, and their increasing complexity, require us to set up at least these elements of a federal personnel policy.

The President's Penman

IT was an occasion of pride on the part of both the White House and the public when the former communicated to the latter the messages exchanged between President Harding and one J. Cleve Dean, "Chairman Railway Employees' Publicity Association." The President's reply, a telegram of 1,000 words, had all the characteristics of his later, more assured manner. It suggested the same hand which wrote the speech in honor of Francis Scott Key. It was, in fact, oratorical in style rather than telegraphic, and as such it indulged in some flourishes which we must accept as purely rhetorical. For example, when the President wrote:

> If you mean to challenge the righteousness of free men to be protected in their lawful pursuits against interference and violence, I will be glad to join you in submitting that question to the decision of the American people

it is not to be supposed that he had in mind a great and solemn referendum to which he and Mr. Dean

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should address themselves together. No: this was merely the cue for the claque of newspapers in the gallery to set up a howl of applause, which they promptly did. When the President wrote:

> If you are the believer in peace and harmony and the reign of justice which you would have believed, I invite you now to pass judgment on the failure of the mine workers to accept the awards of an able and impartial commission in determining the merits of the dispute between coal miners and coal operators

he was not throwing out a challenge to Mr. Dean to turn his publicity association against his employers, nor yet an invitation to continue the correspondence. No, again this phrase was for the enjoyment not of Mr. Dean, but of the public.

The pride of the public in the literary performance of its President was sensibly diminished when it appeared that Mr. Dean had no official standing in Labor, and was a mere letter-writing flagman. It was felt on all sides that the President had condescended a little too far toward a man of low estate, and that he had been caught wasting the people's time and worse—for Mr. Dean lives in Chattanooga, and a thousand word telegram, even if a night letter, runs into money. But these conclusions, except the last, may prove too hasty. What if the President did not write the letter? For some time it has been suspected that Mr. Harding, after the drastic correction which his earlier presidential utterances received, was, in the school-masterly phrase, "getting his work in English composition done by someone else." It is permissible for the public to console itself with the reflection that possibly the author of the President's reply, for all the ruffling of his oratorical feathers, was of no more importance than poor Mr. Dean, and that his time, belonging entirely to himself, was gainfully employed in supporting his widowed mother, or putting himself or his son through college.

And yet this consolation is not unmixed. The American people has always been used to political leaders who could express themselves freely and well. The trouble was that they felt too great responsibility for "that one talent which is death to hide." Americans under Roosevelt, like Germans under the Kaiser, envied the man with a dumb wife, and regretted the invention of the fountain pen. When it was reported that President Wilson had bought a typewriter and was composing freely upon it, many, among whom was observed Mr. Carranza, took to the timber. It was felt to be a hopeful sign when it was perceived that Mr. Harding could neither open his mouth nor take a pen in hand without losing at once his power of thought and his command of English—and there was a general effort to point his deficiencies out to him. There was a sigh of relief when it appeared that Mr. Harding, with rare common sense and good nature, was by way of taking the advice so spontaneously tendered. But the institution of a presidential speech-maker and letter-writer fills us with new alarm. Naturally such an official tends to magnify his office. Hence the oratory. What need for him to spare his words? He can marshal his thoughts upon telegraph blanks as eloquently as upon foolscap. Dean to him spells opportunity. He is capable of inventing Dean. At all events it is a fair guess that he was in collusion with Dean, and did not have actually to telegraph but merely collected mileage. In that case, we fear that it was a day letter, and hope that Dean will not turn up next in San Francisco.

It is with serious goodwill toward his administration that we warn President Harding against the danger of literary success in its too facile forms. Nothing brought down President Wilson's administration to the level where it met the contempt and derision of common people so fatally as his domesticated press bureau headed by George Creel of unhappy memory. Nothing will diminish so surely the vogue of President Harding with the same common folk as taking credit for compositions not his own. And there is public menace in the very existence of a member of the national executive, unknown to the Constitution, whose only function is expression, whose daily life is explosion, and who is liable to be set off not only by the careless dropping of an epistolary match, but by the roll of thunder, or some other distant detonation.

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The Miners' Program

OUR labor movement is based on collective bargaining. But collective bargaining is reaching the limits of its development under private enterprise. As a productive system, private enterprise in certain industries is breaking down. Too many middlemen, too many layers of profit, too much waste, have crept in. The consumer and the producer have lost touch with each other. The great necessaries of life cost too much for the average man to pay. He is going short. It is now the rôle of labor, aided by the technicians, to urge a reorganization of industry. On the railroads and in the mines the reorganization is nationalization. Collective bargaining will cease to be the instrument only for the cure of grievances and the redress of wrongs. It will become an instrument in democratic management. As labor learns responsibility, it will use collective bargaining for some of the positive functions of administration. It is often asked, who is the other half of collective bargaining, when private owners have been bought out? The answer of course is, representatives of the consumers. Exactly the same other half as in the cooperative movement, where the workers bargain with the cooperators.

In the philosophy of the extremists there has always been something lacking: they fail to do constructive work inside labor unions. No single plan for the miners has come from two generations of radical protest. We must make our own American plan, and it must be based on the facts. We cannot trail European schemes, nor rehash foreign phrases of revolution. We don't want German state socialism, nor French syndicalism. Our path to the future lies in American ideas growing out of American soil. Here is America.

We are not communists. We are opposed to communism. We recognize property, but we distinguish between kinds of property. We believe that now and for a long time to come, the house and bit of land for yard and garden which together make the home are to be privately and individually owned. We believe that the absence of this ownership of the home, the absence of private ownership, is the most powerful single indictment of present-day society. Under industrial democracy we believe the workers will own their homes.

We believe that distinct from this private property in the things necessary to personality is public property—proprietorship of the community in the things that should belong to all because they are necessary to all. What are these things? They are the things which private ownership and management fail to control. American experience has made clear that the railroads and the mines are uncontrollable by private enterprise. Accordingly, for these we advocate public ownership and democratic management.

The aims of the labor movement, as we see them, are a good living and a good life. That means, first, a reorganization of industry to give opportunity, security and comfort to the mass of people. Then it means opportunity for the better sides of us to find expression. We aim at a good American life, many-sided, and we see labor organization as the way to it. We want a plan that will include the largest possible number of desirable elements.

The proper organization of the day's work is the next big job of democracy. It will take two generations. The heart of the problem is how to relate collective bargaining to control and administration. It is futile to reduce the wage scale of miners when the coal industry is so disorganized that it can not guarantee a decent number of working days a year. In a bad season the operators can hammer down the scale, but back it bounces in the see-saw of wage fights, as soon as prosperity demands coal. A concrete reduction in the wage scale will not be permanently accepted in return for a vague off-chance of more working days. The real solution for wages lies in a working year of at least 250 days instead of 215 days. No surface tinkering will mend the ramshackle industry. A drastic remedy is the most direct way out of the muddle of the present year and of the last thirty years. The time has come for men of intelligence and goodwill to propose a national plan that will bring peace instead of warfare to the industry.

The Miners' Program is the product of the 43,000 organized miners in District Two. It is a pamphlet statement of the need of education—education by pamphleteering, labor press, workers' classes, and labor research. The response throughout the country has been wide and continuous. What we need is an objective and a method. The objective is a reorganized industry. The method is education.

In The Government of Coal we miners said that the present organization of coal is conducted on a policy of waste. In the large margin of waste the business group in control cover their mismanagement. The waste is of two kinds, economic and human. We have showed waste in producing coal, transporting it, distributing it, and consuming it.

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We showed human waste in slack work, car-pushing, bad housing, disease, low annual wages, and accidents. The miners have everything to gain by entering into an agreement with the public and an alliance with the technicians for good service. Our objective is a reorganized industry, which will lessen waste, cure over-development, give a full working year to the miners, and bring a regular supply of coal to the public at a reasonable price.

The result of these pamphlets was that the United Mine Workers of America at the 1921 Convention created the Nationalization Research Committee. The members are William Mitch, Secretary of the Indiana miners, Christ J. Golden, president of District Nine of the anthracite miners, and John Brophy as chairman.

Our first publication as a committee was Compulsory Information in Coal—A Fact-Finding Agency. We proposed a permanent federal compulsory fact-finding agency. We showed that the facts about coal are not known. We do not know the capital investment in mining, nor who owns the coal beds. We do not know the proper elements of current cost nor the proper basis for profit determination. But we mean to know, and we ask the public to join us. We are putting the interest of the people of this country above the interest of one class of workers.

Our latest miners' publication is How to Run Coal. This is a plan of nationalization. It calls for the purchase of the mines and the coal by the nation at a price of four and a half billion dollars. It proposes a Secretary of Mines in the Cabinet and a federal commission of mines of eleven members, in control, representing the public. For management, the plan proposes a national administrative council, and district councils, with three kinds of representatives—the technicians, the miners, the consumers. Collective bargaining is safeguarded. No other plan so complete has come out of the American labor movement.

Nationalization has caught the rank and file with a fervor. Opposition will be broken. At the next miners' convention nationalization will doubtless be the one living issue resulting in a legislative bill. This in turn will precipitate political action. And we expect to see a powerful trades union Labor party rise within these next years.

JOHN BROPHY.

The Need for a New Social Concept

I.

I RECALL saying in 1914 that even if the war brought the radicals their coveted opportunity, they wouldn't be able to accomplish anything because they had no technique, and being rewarded for it through the radical press with the opprobrium that your simon pure radical even more than your out-and-out reactionary loves to heap upon his critics.

And yet what less wounding to their own susceptibilities can radicals find to say than that they find themselves unequal to the task of routing their ideals through the common consciousness? They will at least find themselves in good company, for the plight of the wildest Bolshevik is no worse than that of every partisan of social regeneration whose scheme involves the full registry of our intellectual inheritance in terms of political behavior. Not only do we fail to produce a rationalized society, but even in the more restricted fields, such as public health, we have not, as a social entity, succeeded in establishing working terms with our intelligence. We die of typhus and tuberculosis, not because it is not known how such diseases are prevented, but because we have proved incapable of the concerted activity which prevents them.

The discrepancy between our social accomplishment and the mounting sum of our intellectual inheritance is much greater than our realization of it, obscured as it is by the widespread use of other people's brains in the form of public utilities. The man who installs a radio apparatus in his home fancies himself as an exponent of the latest thing in electrical science. Actually his relation to the whole body of scientific learning may be purely parasitic. If the few people who really know electricity were to go on a prolonged strike, the million users of it would be incapable of any sort of restoration. No such catastrophic stroke being at all probable, we happily call this the Scientific Age without any reservations. But in fields in which scientific findings cannot be converted into utilities, the widespread incapacity of the masses to make use of the whole sum of such findings at any given moment, constitutes an all but intolerable drag on the human procession.

The average man is reluctant to admit his share of the drag. Perhaps in the very nature of intelligence there are irreducible obstacles to such admission. But no one with intelligence enough to read the newspapers can deny that there is in existence vastly more knowledge than we have been

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able to work up into any scheme of living. Nor can we in an age of increasing objective efficiency, go on with entire comfort charging our failure to the moral obliquity of the other party. Americans in particular, in their dealings with larger issues, are becoming conscious of the lack of the familiar push-button directness. The communal mind is vaguely and irritatedly aware of unused potentialities within itself as a healthy man might be aware of the ache of unused members, and something analogous to the repressions that are recognized as sources of neuroses in the individual, is suffered by the social body. There is nothing to stand aghast at, as we have been doing, at the spectacle of a people surcharged with intellectual potentialities for which no outlet is found in the scheme of average living, running amuck. Where else can it run under those conditions, except down the deeply graven track of war and revolution?

Science unassimilated into the average life is an explosive sort of baggage for any people to carry about with it. No lesson of the great war is so significant as that the mere objective handling of scientific findings in the shape of utilities fails utterly to fit the user for scientific functioning in group determination.

When we examine into the nature of this discrepancy between what we know and the use we can make of it, we discover that our incapacity increases in proportion to the length of time that the activity to which it applies has been an object of social concern. The longer we have thought about any department of living, the less we seem able to know about it.

Clearly there must be a retarding factor in the very constitution of mind itself, which renders it indurate to new presentations of old concerns, since it is shown to be acutely receptive to concerns toward which it is comparatively virgin. Discoveries in instantaneous communication are "eaten up" as fast as they are made public, but new findings in the field of education or political organization threaten the disruption of society with their accumulating drag. The same man who permits his vital organs to be operated upon by a total stranger for a disease he never before heard of, in the interests of a theory of remedial surgery not disclosed, still insists on "making up his own mind" on matters of educational or political import; his notion of the process known as making up his mind involving the necessity, as he sees it, of making it up exclusively out of his own mind stuff, the sum of information and experience of which he is at the moment possessed. He will without any diminution of self-esteem, utilize our common inheritance of engineering science to get from New York to Brooklyn, but regards with deep distrust any attempt to administer the public schools in the interest of a similar inheritance of subjective knowledge. Apologists for democracy will tell you that you can't expect man to do any better than he knows. As a matter of fact he can and does. The whole material magnificence of the United States is built up out of the willingness of average men to handle and work up into their daily lives, material findings of which they know no more than enough to handle them according to the rules. If all the processes that led up to public schools and Brooklyn bridges were swept out of mind, it would be easier to restore the schools out of the common consciousness than the bridges. The source of our social arrest, the uneasiness of the common people, and the despair of the intellectuals, lies somewhere in the nature of the difference between our rates of objective and subjective change.

2.

Obviously we shall never be able again to present a virgin attitude toward the problem of living together in groups.

It appears that the track of any habit of living through consciousness, if persisted in long enough, sinks to subconscious levels, out of the immediate ken of the intelligence, and takes on from its appearance of sourcelessness, connotations of authority. Once this has happened, every adaptation of ourselves to the problem that first gave rise to the habit, follows more or less the subconscious pull of the earliest pattern. The reason why we could reconstruct an educational system more easily than we could build a suspension bridge out of a denuded common consciousness, is that we have been thinking of education long enough to form a pattern in our minds, but not long enough of the multitudinous processes involved in the building of steel bridges. For the same reason it is easier to have a new type of bridge than a new educational system. Thus we find the retarding factor of subjective change in the pattern-forming habit of the mind itself, the more obstinate as it is widely distributed in the group consciousness.

Before the dawn of history, the mind of Europe had "set" in a concept of the relation of men to one another, and of the group to Allness, of which all our present systems of living together are exteriorizations. Roughly this pattern is patriarchal, the items of the group arranged around a dominating personality in whom is constituted some kind of responsibility for the welfare of the group. "Divine Right" and a God of Judgment

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are the highest convolutions of that pattern, and in spite of all our talk we have not succeeded in altering the main lines of that pattern, in the group consciousness. Deeply, we still proceed by the concept of government as something set over us. Democratically it was to be produced out of our coordinated wills. Once produced, except for our power to shift the individual items of it, it has proved as detached, as untouchable as the divine right itself. The difference between a divinely anointed sovereign and an elective president seems to work out as the difference between your natural father and a step-father who may, in the event of proving unsatisfactory, be lightly divorced. It is this tendency of thought patterns, shaped by the unconscious trend of social habit toward fixation, that renders new discoveries in the department of human living inoperative. The measure of that fixation can be taken in the manner in which we observe, after all the breakage in Europe, social living flowing back in the grooves of the ancient social concept, a concept of life as being best lived under the dominance of an exceptional individual, with items of the group disposed on the basis of the main economic chance.

So far all attempts materially to alter this concept by ratiocination have failed. They have failed even when, as in the Russian and the French Revolutions, the breakage of existing exteriorizations of the pattern has been complete, and when, as in the case of early Christianity, the emotional voltage has been of the highest. Christianity has not fulfilled our expectation of the millennial state, theoretic democracy has not brought us where it promised. Socialism and communism have proved but a brittle hardening of social surfaces, eventually shattered by the pull of human nature along the deeply graven paths of the old pattern. Is it not time to wonder whether it is worth while trying to alter the course of the river by sketching patterns on its surface? No doubt there will be always socialists, or communists, or what-not advocates of intellectualized social systems, just as there will always be people who think they can cross the course of human destiny by the numbers in a dream book, but why not admit that for the vast majority of human kind these handmade millenniums take no hold upon their social impulses? One suspects, indeed, that much of present depression, the arrest of social effort, is owing to the number of thinking people, radicals and liberals alike, who have already privately admitted it.

We cannot displace a social concept except with another social concept. And since we cannot make up anything in our heads that will successfully compete with our submerged experience, where then is the new concept to come from? This appears to be the predicament of practically all the thinkers who looked for some alteration of our method of living together in groups, more expeditious than the slow attrition of objective experience.

Where indeed are we to find a new social concept *except in the source of all social pattern, our racial subconsciousness?* This is the one place where we have not yet deeply looked for it. We have looked for it in the revelation of some wonder working prophet. We have looked for it in the suffrages of the crowd, and in the eldest sons of the eldest sons of conquerors. We have looked for it in the schools and among the "ologies." We have not yet looked within at the realities of human relations. Or if we have looked, it has always been with the assumption that the reality is already more or less expressed in existing institutions, and we have simply been trying to find points at which that supposed reality is to be altered to fit some intellectually conceived ideal.

The little vogue that formal socialism has had in the world, derives its authority chiefly from its assumption that its doctrine of economic determinism is the primary reality of human society. The vogue of aristocratic forms has been owed to our concurrence in the reality of the essential difference in values among the individual items of society. Democracy derives from another estimate of the relation of those individual values to the undebated economic basis. And all of these are founded on the belief that what we describe as human nature is accurately interpreted by the current conception of it. On this assumption all the so-called social solutions have been plotted.

Now, as it becomes evident that society,—that cumulating betterment of social outlook and condition which we call civilization,—refuses to flow along any of the lines we have mapped out for it, finding that there is backwater, flood, disaster, dessication, we conclude either that there is no true flow, or that we must think up some other direction in our heads in the hope that we may eventually hit upon the right one. But suppose that the difficulty is in our concept of society itself? Suppose that human nature, the relations of human beings one to the other and to the Allness, is quite other than we have conceived it to be? Suppose that in spite of having lived with our nature uncounted centuries, we know very little about it?

Consider how long ago our present concept of

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society was shaped, how little light the intelligence of that time could throw. Consider that all forms and rituals of society, kings, presidents, courts, creeds, are symbols, exteriorizations of what man believes about himself and his fellow men. Was it not by the habit of the use of these symbols that the track was laid down upon which our social thinking runs? A king—any sort of government—is a gesture made by the masses on behalf of their need for social direction. But have we any real reason to insist that direction shall always come to us from some such source?

What I am trying to suggest is that we leave off our meticulous examinations of forms, leave off propaganda for or against particular types of social organization, and reexamine the intrinsic relations of men. Obviously society cannot be made to flow in any direction that is not intrinsic, natural to its nature.

Actually there has been no appearance even of progress, except when men have been actuated by the conviction that they have discovered some sort of intrinsicness. What I propose is that instead of trying to utilize the findings of science to create a social objective, we undertake to discover the deeper seated realities governing the movements of human life upon the earth.

Doubtless much of our present dissatisfaction is due to subconscious recognition of the want of harmony between the intrinsic trends of society and our present location in the movement of history. Probably a large part of our incapacity to work up the findings of science into our scheme of living is owing to the discrepancy between that scheme and the reality of human life. We could scarcely expect to assimilate our new concepts of reality in time and space and the structure of the atom and the nature of disease, with anything less than an approximate reality in our concept of society. Nor can we quarrel with the rejection by the masses of much of our science on the ground that it is unassimilable to the common life and human nature, so long as we continue to assume the finality of our notion of the relation of men to one another and of the whole to Allness.

Probably we have never made this reexamination of the grounds of our present concept, because we have lacked adequate concepts of the items of the life scheme which would have to be taken into account in any such reconsideration of accepted notions of why the human race is here, what, if any, is its business, where is it going, what, if anything, have we to do with the rate of that going, and in what way is its progress affected by our dealings one with another. Now the very fact of the existence of new concepts of such essential items as the nature and relations of mind and matter, the effect of mind over mind, and, most astounding discovery! the effect of mind upon itself, seems to call for a new rating of these items in the social scheme. I find it impossible myself to think of the amelioration of labor conditions under any of the present categories, since every one of them ignores the newer concepts of the mode of development of consciousness in its relations to time-space. This may seem far fetched to one who is still thinking of the labor problem as revolving around the partition of the heap. But once you have thought of the mastery of the material environment as the mode of the development of consciousness itself, you cannot again think of the human participators in that mode as mere items of material expense. Or, if you think, as increasing millions do think, of materiality as affected more by attitude of mind toward it than by any form of organized activity, then no scheme of human affairs which does not accommodate that way of thinking will seem properly conformable to your type. Then there is the hovering suggestion that we are on the eve of discovery of the fact, and possibly of the law of continuity of personality, and a whole new scale of relative life values contingent upon such a discovery. All these things are so much in the common mind at present that it may account for the large measure of public indifference to current political activities. The detachment of the American people, for instance, from much that is going on in the politically extraneous world, may not be so much due to ignorance or doltishness as is sometimes imagined. It may be due to the fact that there is forming in the public consciousness a new appreciation of intrinsic social relationships, uncovered equally by the devastations of war and the less obtrusive adaptations to the new environment created by natural science. Actually much of the instinctive practice of the masses is now shown to be closer to the realities of science than the intellectuals have been for two thousand years. The masses, I mean, never did give up their faith in the influence of mind on matter, never lost their belief in the efficacy of the rightly spoken word, which the intellectuals have had to readmit as auto-suggestion. The masses always have regarded the criminal as unfortunate, and refused to distinguish between the highwayman and the robber baron. It is the intellectuals who have rationalized—in the psycho-analytic sense—the deductions of the dominant groups. This has been obscured from them by having crowded on them through the schools all the clichés of formal intellectualization.

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Much of the progress of modern psychology has consisted simply in uncovering the natural operations of the mind, as opposed to the earlier method of creating categories. Something of the same sort must be undertaken in all departments of social living. The one hope of establishing a social flow is in being able to make a statement of such uncovered realities in a manner conformable to the average experience of them. Here is a task for all that we have of critical inquiry and discrimination; to trace, and state, in some form in which it can be handled, the essential realities of social relationships.

There does not at present appear to be any other method by which a livable social concept can be established. If there is anything at all in the results announced by the application of present standards for the measurement of intelligence, it will never be possible on any democratic basis to produce an intellectually coordinated society. One is apparently reduced to the choice of an intellectual aristocracy—some such innately superior group as Mr. Lippmann has in mind—who out of their natural capacity for discerning reality in public events will tell the people what to do; or to producing some sort of concept which will be followed by the masses because of its correspondence to something moving within themselves.

In the more fundamental forms of life, where intelligence has not yet created obscuring complexities, biologists are aware of influences that tend to keep the axis of the organism in line with the axis of the source of that influence. These influences and the response to them are called tropisms, and the result on the behavior of the organism is called directive orientation. Probably as the basis of all racial life there is always something analogous to this tropism, which keeps the race in the line of development, some sort of directive orientation which can be called the Will of God, or the racial urge, or by any other name that fits with the changing description of it.

Perhaps, for the purpose of embodying our innate sense of such directive orientation of human society in a new social concept, it is better to leave the source unnamed. At times like this, when society seems lost in the confusion of its minor adjustments, something might be done by turning attention away from the multiplicity of intellectual devices for saving society, and fixing it upon the evidences, both subjective and objective, of the existence and nature of such orientation of the human race with influences that keep it going.

MARY AUSTIN.

The Cooks of Yesterday

THE greatest achievement in country life is not a garden, or the privilege of wearing your old clothes. It is getting a cook, and keeping her. Methods by which she is inveigled to remain in one's kitchen are many and various. Caroline Weston, who lived thirty-six miles from New York City, and on the Putnam Division at that, used to boast that anyone could have a staying servant who understood human relations. Her own Johanna had lived in Wildwood Heights, in apparent contentment, for five years.

Those of us who visited Caroline did not marvel that Johanna remained. The attention of the entire Weston family was focussed on making the "D. D."—debutante daughter, we called her, happy. They took her to the movies in the neighboring town, provided novels and magazines for her leisure and even stimulated romance by hiring a beau to take her to dances in the village school centre. They always asked her permission to invite guests to dinner and they ate what she liked to cook and made no comments or suggestions.

When Johanna contracted a dislike for daylight saving, because her evenings seemed so long, Bobby, back from college, taught her to run the Ford on the theory that it would amuse her to drive around. It did. She took to the car with such avidity that it was almost impossible to get her out of it and into the kitchen. She drove to market, she met people at the station, she carried them into town, she did all the errands. She suggested taking them on tours and when she was supposed to be dusting the parlor would be found instead cleaning spark plugs in the garage. Before long, the driving occupied her so completely that Caroline was obliged to give up all her time to housework. The end was tragic. Johanna drove so well that the owner of the village garage hired her as a chauffeur. Curiously, Johanna, who had refused to wear a maid's dress and apron, preferring Caroline's old sport clothes, fairly gloried in a driver's uniform. She looked exceedingly trim in the gray Norfolk suit with Wildwood Garage on the visored cap, and she knew it.

Caroline couldn't understand it. She became bitter on the subject of the ingratitude of servants, but Johanna was not a whit apologetic.

"Sure," she said cheerfully, "who would be standing over that boiling hot stove and washing dishes, when they could be dressed fine, and out seeing all the people?"

Mrs. Harvey, a neighbor of the Weston's,

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thought she had solved the problem by getting a stalwart young Amazon from a nearby Orphan Asylum, but the girl ran away after a few weeks and was later traced to an iron foundry. She explained that housework wasn't hard, she had plenty of strength, but it was lonesome. Minnie Smith's Nora succumbed to a pearl button factory, and the George's girl took a job in a dairy which she had heard about through the milkman.

If you drive through the environs of New York —and the same is largely true of other localities— you will see hundreds of houses, large and small, marked For Sale. They represent the capitulation of some family or other when the struggle for household service became too desperate. It isn't much better in the heart of the city, but the rigors of a servantless world are mitigated by the proximity of restaurants, delicatessens and apartment hotels.

In the recent bulletin of the New York State Department of Labor, Women Who Work, prepared by Edith Hilles and Clara Tead under the direction of Nelle Swartz, it is made clear that this familiar story of the vanishing servant girl has not been exaggerated. In New York state alone, and the statistics are fairly typical of other parts of the country, there are 59,506 less women in domestic and personal service than in 1910. There were then 322,969 and now only 263,463, —a decrease of nearly 25 percent in 1920. This drop, of course, only carries on the decrease which has been going on in each preceding decade. There was a falling off also between 1900 and 1910, though of course, not so marked a figure, and the same holds for decade by decade since industrial life first began to draw women from the home. The decrease in domestic service is more marked since at the same time there has been an increase of women workers of over 9 percent in the last ten year period. Moreover, what is classed as domestic and personal service in the 1920 list shows that only about one-half of the total number, or 135,252, are employed as actual domestic servants. The other activities listed under the domestic heading include barbers, hair-dressers, billiard-room and dance-hall keepers, elevator operators, sextons, charwomen, porters, laborers and laundry operators all working outside of the home.

Even though the domestic and personal service group is one in which women still predominate, since they form more than 50 percent of the total number of workers, there is proof that men are invading many of the occupations usually reserved for women. There are 19,000 male cooks in Greater New York as opposed to 21,000 women, and there are 28,000 men waiters, with only 16,000 waitresses. Men rarely work in the home, however, and hence the domestic problem is in no way affected.

The most dramatic change in women's work presented in the report is the increase in the number of female clerks, not in stores. There are well over three times as many as ten years ago, or 95,208 in 1920 as opposed to 27,191 in 1910, and there are twice as many stenographers and typists in New York state as there were. Brooklyn leads in the number of clerical workers, with 71,000 as compared with 66,000 in Manhattan. In clerical occupations as a group, the number has more than doubled with 114,186 in 1910 and 263,588 in 1920. This drift to the office is thus as marked as the exodus from the kitchen.

If advance copies of this bulletin could have fallen into the hands of an editorial writer on a New York paper of thirty or forty years ago, one of those Victorians, let us say, who were conscientiously trying to dam the onrushing tide of women's activities, he would have died of apoplexy. No man whose idea of women was a cross between a butterfly and a setting hen could have endured the news that women in the hundreds would be working as longshoremen, stevedores, chauffeurs, plumbers, electricians, plasterers, teamsters, undertakers and peddlers by 1920.

He might be equally disturbed at the thousands of women in agriculture, forestry and animal husbandry; particularly those daring ones who have become lumbermen and fishermen, the 4,693 who are general outdoor farm laborers, or the 2,124 working among the animals on dairy farms. This gentleman would doubtless have said, however, that work on the farm is not so strongly to be condemned as in other fields, but here again, the trend is against him, for in 1910 there were 13,055 on the farms of New York doing other than domestic tasks, and in 1920 only 9,269, whereas in the group covered by transportation there were in contrast only 14,603 in 1910 and in 1920, 33,422. This increase compares with that of clerical work and both show that the trend is not only out of the home, but away from anything like the farm, which involves household surroundings and intimacies.

There is one phase of the report on women in relation to farm life that is distinctly enlightening. Poultry raising has long been regarded as the farmer wife's only road to economic independence. Every country woman has always had her chicken money. It is a distinct shock to learn that only 172 women are listed as chicken raisers in

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this state, 30 percent less than in 1910. Perhaps these figures can be explained by the foreword of the report, which points out that according to our census takers, mothers and home workers are considered "unproductive" and are not listed among the "gainfully" employed. If raising children is not considered by government officials as a productive occupation, many farm women may have wisely declined to describe themselves as "chicken raisers" either.

One of the most suggestive factors in the departure of the female cook is the appearance of women in the hitherto exclusively masculine spheres. If women longshoremen, lumber-jacks and teamsters seem extraordinary, surely women in numbers into the thousand in mining and as workers in the steel and iron industries is nothing short of revolutionary. Conservative writers have recently been disturbed by the advent of women into athletics. A girl pictured in a 100-yard dash, pole-vaulting, putting the shot, boxing, and wrestling, has made them fairly tremble for the race. But such energetic sports certainly cannot be compared in physical strain with the heavier, manual tasks; or in nervous excitement with the effects of the more dangerous trades. There are today in New York state 789 women in the building trades including women carpenters, electricians, house painters, glaziers, paper hangers, plasterers, plumbers, and even stonecutters. There are also women working as common laborers for the railroads. We have had factory workers, to be sure, for long years, but in the past they have been chiefly employed as semi-skilled operators in clothing, textile and similar industries. Today, New York state boasts 2,610 in lumber and furniture work; 6,302 doing semi-skilled tasks in steel and iron and 3,217 working among the other metals; while 1,107 work in clay, stone or glass. The combined list of mill workers and skilled operators runs well over 300,000 for the state. Such tasks are not so anti-Victorian as quarrying, mining, stevedoring, of course, but they are still a far cry from the kitchen stove, the parlor dust-cloth and the nursery.

We have long been accustomed to women in the field of literature, music and art; indeed, centuries ago Michael Angelo objected to painting on the ground that it was a woman's work; hence it is not surprising to learn that there are in New York, among women, 3,843 artists, 1,066 authors and 918 editors and reporters; nor is it surprising to note 924 physicians and 64 clergymen. The number of women lawyers in 1920 is twice that in 1910. Finance and mechanics, however, have long been considered non-feminine spheres, and so it is encouraging to discover that there are 399 bankers and money lenders, 940 real estate agents, 1,699 manufacturers and 1,051 managers. It is equally gratifying to discover 137 engravers, 22 electricians, 12 building contractors, 24 architects, 10 electrical engineers, 288 draftsmen, 336 chemists, to say nothing of 2,866 designers. The list even includes 7 inventors, a mechanical engineer and 324 dentists—all tasks requiring mechanical skill.

One new line of work has opened for women since the last census. Since 1910, 41 policewomen have beeen employed, 29 of them in Greater New York. Postmistresses we have had with us always, but jobs as inspectors, sheriffs and detectives are fairly new in public service for women. In these days, there seem to be no types of work closed to woman, or distasteful, except perhaps scrubbing and dishwashing. Once she sees a way to get out of domestic service, she apparently never goes back to it. We have no records of an ex-engine lathe worker now running a kitchen stove, or a one-time woman boiler-washer or engine-oiler doing cleaning by the day. Indeed the proportion of women in domestic and personal service is only 23 percent of the total number of women engaged in gainful tasks, of which only about half, or 12 percent, are domestic servants, and a still smaller percent engaged in cooking. Statistics show that there are more professional women actually achieving in careers like medicine, law, authorship and art than are employed today as domestic servants. Women cooks stand only 1 to 3 in contrast to women in manufacturing and mechanical trades, and less than 1 to 2 as opposed to the clerical occupations. A woman employed in the kitchen may one of these days be as rare as a horse on Fifth Avenue.

Women Who Work is one of the milestones of feminism. It proves to those who believe, not by faith, but by statistics, that breaking into the human race has been accomplished. One out of every five women in the United States is at work, outside of the home. Probably three out of every four of those who remain in the home are working even harder, since the report states that those not gainfully employed, only doing housework, often labor ten or twelve hours a day. But they escaped enumeration.

There are now 8,549, 399 women who work in the United States; 1,135,948 in New York; and of those in this state only 135,252 are household servants. It may be that the lure of modern opportunity is an answer to the question, Where are the cooks of yesterday?

FLORENCE GUY WOOLSTON.

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The Graveyard of Youth

THEY are all government clerks. Some are called specialists, and some are called stenographers, and some are called editors. But they are all government clerks.

The majority are very old. They have been in the service twenty, thirty, forty years. Over half of them are white-haired. The men have heavy figures. They are bent, and their faces are either a dead white or a splotchy red. To these old people who have been in the same place for so many years, their desks are their sanctums; to move them is sacrilege. These desks of theirs are like attics,—full of queer odds and ends of things, all jumbled together,—old papers yellow with age which are always about to be filed; new reports which they read as they rest them on top of a jumble of papers, for there is never any cleared space on their desks; an eraser which some one has had for ten years; a green shade for the eyes; an inkwell which has not been cleaned for months; a piece of string; pencils that are never sharpened; a tumbler; and everywhere, reports, always reports, spread open, bottom up, at a certain page, and buried under more reports. These desks are never cleared up. And the minds of these old men are never cleared up. They grow mouldier year by year.

The women's figures are heavy, too. Like square-rigged brigantines, they bear down upon you in the hall, all sails set, heavily under way. They are incased in corsets over which their white shirtwaists are drawn tightly without a wrinkle. Or else they are of the angular type whose shirtwaists hang upon them, *all* wrinkles. Their mouths are grim; their chins are settled into their collars; their eyes are always passing judgment, with the petty, narrow judgments of the small town. They are not workers. They are defeated bourgeoisie. And they have not forgiven the world their defeat.

There is just one group that is young, and that is the stenographers. And they are the most pathetic of all for they are no younger in spirit. Their flesh is smooth and velvety, their ankles are slender and shapely, their figures are slight, and they sway as they walk. They make a brave showing in clothes. All their tiny wages must go into clothes in the attempt to capture before their youth goes what is to them the great adventure,—man and marriage. Their youth is such a precarious thing. It is in their ankles, in their hair, in their slim figures. But it is not in their eyes or their mouths. There is no life there, no sparkling curiosity, no promise of growth. Their pathetically young profiles are as old as the old women's in their lack of alertness, in the deadness of their expression. Their eyes do not light up except on two topics,—man and dress. And the years are fleeting. And soon *they* will be heavy-footed, and their figures will "settle," and they will begin wearing stiff, starched shirtwaists instead of fluffy, transparent bits of chiffon. And so they appear each week in some new dress, and they fill their desk drawers with the latest thing in cosmetics, and they look always with hostility upon these old people moving so inexorably among them,—reminding them, reminding them.

They flutter in terror and futile hate,—futile for they cannot escape since they have no youth in their hearts. Youth is growth, and what chance have they to grow, doing day after day tasks that mean nothing to them, with no incentive or opportunity to express themselves in their work, hemmed in by petty restrictions, cast-iron hours, and copying, forever copying, long-winded, stodgy, meaningless reports?

And so their youth dies before it has a chance. And their bodies shrivel and harden into unlovely shapes, and their mouths become straight and tight, and their eyes hard and lifeless, because there is no fountain of inextinguishable youth within them, no eager intellectual curiosity, no insatiable desire to find out about life and this amazing, ever-changing world in which we live.

A few days ago, a woman came into the wash room where everyone was getting washed up preparatory to going home. She had evidently been weeping, her face was distorted with pain, her eyes were miserable and imploring as she cried out to us, "Has anyone seen my silver spoon, my silver fruit spoon? I have had that spoon twenty-five years, just as long as I have been in the service. It would break my heart if I lost that spoon."

All the old women in the room, with their white aprons and black aprons on and their hair screwed up in all the queer shapes of the hair-dressing of fifty years ago, gathered fussily about her, condoling with her. The stenographers stood for a moment with their lip-sticks poised in mid-air as they turned their young, intolerant, disdainful faces on the woman who had lost her spoon,—and then they suddenly turned back to the mirrors and applied the lip-sticks to their young lips, almost with fury.

ONE OF THEM.

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Nanook of the North

IN a day of emotional and artistic deliquescence on the screen, a picture with the fresh strength and pictorial promise of Nanook of the North is in the nature of Revelation. It may be said to be the first photoplay of the natural school of cinematography. Here are natural scenery, natural actors, the unembellished conte of a portion of life in Ungava. The "stars" are the native esquimaux. The "extras" are the polar bear, the seals and the walrus that wander about the ice country. The "sets" are the frozen fastnesses of the North. For drama there is the struggle of Nanook, the hunter, to wrest sustenance from barren wastes of snow. For the note of heroism there is the seemingly hopeless battle he wages against the elements. There is no conventional plot fabric. There are no fictionized situations. Yet the picture is dramatic in the highest sense of the word. There is suspense in the huntsman's combat with his quarry. The outcome is as sustained as it is doubtful. There is vicarious satisfaction for the spectator in his final triumph. The film is a story of a people transcribed through the experiences of the hunter Nanook. The photoplay may be said to have its analogue in contemporary literature in Maria Chapdelaine. As Louis Hémon has set down in memorable words the simple traditions of Lake St. John and Peribonka, so Robert Flaherty has set down in memorable pictures the primitive gropings of these esquimaux of the far North toward the light of science and civilization.

But all this, it may be argued, is not entirely new in the history of the screen. There have already been filmed exquisite scenics. The camera has long ago imprisoned bits of beauty in distant corners of the earth. It has brought home to us glimpses of strange peoples and strange customs. There have been Martin Johnson's Cannibals of the South Sea Islands, Vandenburgh's Pigmies of Central Africa, Burton Holmes' Travelogues, Bruce's Wilderness Tales. But Nanook of the North is different from all these. It has, as I have said, a strikingly dramatic quality. And in addition it has a continuity which these forerunners lack. There is unity—there is singleness of impression in Nanook. The film marks a transition from the so-called educational film and the formal photoplay. It bridges a lacuna which has long cried aloud to be bridged. The narrative unwinds absorbingly. It flows smoothly and naturally to completion.

Anthropologically the esquimaux are a remarkable people. Their minds are singularly keen and alert. Certainly it is amazing to see the vast amount of scientific information these unlettered huntsmen have acquired through empirical methods. The building of the igloo—a feat which can be accomplished in the short space of an hour—is at a glance akin to wizardry, but in reality shows a mastery of the laws of equilibrium and gravitation. A knowledge of light, of reflection and refraction, is exhibited by Nanook's method of fitting a window into the igloo. Naturally enough the light of Heaven cannot penetrate the opaque snow blocks which form the walls of the hut. So, from a neighboring stream, Nanook cuts a clear square of ice. This he fits into the top of the igloo. Still the light through the "glass" is dim. Nanook intensifies it, however, by placing a great block of white snow vertically above the window, thus reflecting light into the inner recesses. The constant problem of these people is to outwit nature. They must use the cunning of their eyes and their hands to convert animal life into the coin of the realm—food and fuel. The process makes them uncannily inventive. Out of apparent nothingness they create the necessities of life and a few luxuries. Light and heat they gain from soaking moss —the only vegetation which survives the bitter cold of that country—in walrus oil. This they burn on the outer rim of a stone vessel hollowed shallowly. The moss is the wick, of course, and forms a ring of flame on the edge of the vessel instead of burning in the centre as our wicks do. Knives, harpoons, sea gaffs they make from the ivories of the walrus tusks. Metal is unknown to them. Boats are fashioned from skins and ribbed with odd bits of driftwood. Nanook's wife has a complete sewing kit, needles of sharp ivory, thread from the sinews of animals. With these she makes trousers of bear skin and coats of reindeer fur.

But although the picture is full of information which steals into the mental content of the spectator ere he is aware, the greatest appeal of Nanook of the North is its pictorial beauty. Harbors locked fast to the sea. Ice-floes moving with solemn force. Imperishable snow "five thousand summers old." Low banks of clouds with "the copper ball of the sun a mockery in the sky." Impenetrable silences. Infinite solitude. The picture has managed even to imprison the elemental forces of wind and cold. In this sense the picture is creative art: it projects and sustains a mood. In another sense it is reproductive art in that it captures natural beauty. With the exception perhaps of the Swedish picture, Sir Arne's Treasure, which utilizes the splendor of a Scandinavian winter, there has never been a more graphic presentation of hibernating nature. If for no other reason than the portrayal of the snow storm, the film must rank as a thing of beauty. The composition is masterly. The director felt that the things which best epitomize the spirit of loneliness and desolation in the North are the howling of the dog teams, the eerie lament of the wind and the swirling of blown snows. Yet these are sound impressions. All three nevertheless had to be caught within the picture if the regional atmosphere of grim infinitude was to be created. This Mr. Flaherty managed admirably to do by a graphic representation almost equivalent to literary onomatopeia. Instead of having a word, he had a picture represent sound. The result is winter visualized. The picture calls up Grieg's music and the Aurora Borealis.

We have said that the film marks the beginning of the naturalistic school of cinematography. Yet all this naturalness has been achieved through the purely artificial means of the camera. And it is precisely here that the picture manages to turn craftsmanship into artistry. The director has used his mechanical device to gain the highest quotient of dramatic efficiency. The camera is subordinated to, and in fact almost eliminated from, the final effect. It is an invisible magician. There is no internal evidence that a camera was used. The story is the story of the esquimaux. Therefore, with the single exception of the white trader at the lonely trading post, not a white man obtrudes himself upon their territory.

That the picture exists at all is due to the possession of remarkable qualities by the director, who is a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, an engineer by profession and an explorer by preference. To produce such a picture required skill of no mean order. There was need for thorough photographic knowledge to record the thin blue light of the North, that "unwarming light which only seemed where'er it fell, to make the coldness visible." There was need for an artist's eye to select the stretches of white wastelands and to compose them into cinematic beauty. There was need for persevering patience to secure any sort of photographic effects in the short spaces of Northern sun

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light which is not kindly to actinic processes at best. The obstacles offered by nature to the taking of her own picture in some of her fiercest manifestations were almost insuperable.

One other thing about Nanook of the North. It is composed and expressed in terms of the motion picture. We are excessively weary of adaptations from the other arts, the art of the stage and the art of the printed word. Here at last begins our native screen language, as original in concept as The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari, yet as natural as that is fantastic. It reproduces actual beauty as Caligari reproduces expressionistic beauty.

FRANCES TAYLOR PATTERSON.

Texas Lights

THE PROFESSOR

THE light streaming in under the window blinds awakes me like music coming into the room.

In northern countries when the light is shut down to a narrow opening, the room grows dull and gray, the shadows are flat, the colors fade out. Here in this Texas light the least ray of it can reveal what color is there. Color is lowered to a deeper glow, that is all; the life of things is quieter, perhaps richer, but it does not die away from them.

In the honeysuckle outside, a mocking-bird is singing. He is like vitality itself. The bird is like light. He sings now like a flute, then like a piper, reedy and quivering, then like a coarse barnyard fowl, squawking and croaking impishly, then a long, soft call and then trills and denzas and wild, shrill passages, then like the reeds aga nd little piping notes. High up in the bright blue b id the window I see hawks circling. They have the swe of the sky to themselves, and move about, sailing in g it circles, back and forth again and again, making a kind f divine geometry of the air.

The song of the mocking-bird near at hand stops. I see that the Professor who lives next door has come out. He stands with a gray enamelled pan in his hand looking at his Orpingtons, fat stupid chickens with fluffy, clumsy legs spraddling out backwards. He has a soft, chubby face, beginning now to fall and to run down in folds at the sides of his chin. His nose points down and his eyeglasses likewise, parallel with the flesh folds. His hair curls about his plump head, his mouth is pursed up into what looks like a meditative whistle. A long black ribbon cut into an inverted V at the end and ornamented with a gold buckle hangs from the watch-pocket of his trousers. His stomach hangs plumply cut, not fat but soft and loose like his face. He looks pleased with himself. Plainly he is one of those self-made men in academic life who take very seriously their rise in the world.

The chicken-yard is enclosed in wire and gravelled and has a little house of corrugated iron at one corner. The Professor stands looking through the chicken-wire at his fowls for a while, neither pleased nor bored, amiably and idly interested. Then he begins to throw corn in to the chickens, who dash clumsily after it. When the pan of corn is emptied he sets it down, throws open the gate of the chicken-yard and walks in with a pan of some brown lumpy mixture like bran, which he throws in with the corn. This causes a new stir among the Orpingtons. Then the Professor retreats, takes up a china bowl, and with an expression of knowing science begins to throw the contents into a little tin trough where the chickens drink water. It is doubtless something unfailing in its power to make them lay. Then he shuts the gate and begins to tinker with the netting and to potter around the yard.

You can look at him and see that he has no interest in the world, no passionate devotions or dark fits of despair or elevation; he is not studious, not active, not meditative, not keen. He is like the Orpington hens, plump, clumsy, domesticated and stalely apt. He makes a living—a sort of living—at the university. But he probably potters around in his brain very much as he does in this mild stewardship of his backyard. If only the chicken-yard were painted, the chicken-house white, with a little pastoral touch, something of the Georgics say, in the bright morning! If only the Professor delighted in the social foibles of chickens, in their caprices, their greeds, anything. But not this plump, curly-haired male hen with his chicken food and his flat steps here and there over the grass patches. Not that for life!

THE RIVER ROAD

It is after twilight and the early moon is low already in the west, as I go along the River Road. And coming toward me on his way from town I see Mr. Wallace, who lives on his farm near the Pedernales. I bought cedarwood once from him for my winter fire, and gave him a book of Scottish ballads after we had talked on the doorstep half an hour. He is walking along now beside his wagon, the reins fastened to the shaft. I am glad to see him.

I ask him to stop and smoke a cigarette with me, and we sit down by the road. It's rather uphill for his team, isn't it? I say by way of conversation.

"Pretty smart pull I guess," he says, drawing down the corners of his mouth into a sort of smile. He has a thin body, fairly tall, and a droll brown face like a wry little woodgod. When he draws at his cigarette his right eyebrow goes up into a kind of pucker.

Well, Sir, I say, what's happened?

"Nothing much, sep I got a guest now, feller visitin' me," Mr. Wallace replies.

And who is he? I ask.

"Dunno," he says, "Rooshon or sompn. I don't ask questions of course. But he can shore play the fiddle. You ought to hear him play. The phonygraf can't tech him."

Where did you find him? I ask.

"In the road," he says.

I think for the thousandth time what a place Texas is. I observe to Mr. Wallace that I have heard that Mrs. Patrick Campbell's father lives in Texas.

"Who's that?" he says. "Any kin to the Govner?"

I tell him that Mrs. Campbell is a great English actress.

"Oh, well, any actress' father might live in Texas, I reckon," he says. And he spits on the ground as he makes his joke. The reins have fallen to the ground. One of the horses has his feet tangled in them. Mr. Wallace rises, puts things to rights, and sits down again to finish his cigarette.

"Queer the difference in beasts," he says. "That there roan just loves the goats, but the sorrel tries to break his neck whenever he sees one. Done everything to break him. Can't do it. I chained up a goat in the stall with him onst but 'twan't no good. Bad as ever. Acted like he seed a ghost."

And so he still has the goat ranch?

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"Yeah, I reckon I'll always have it," he says. "I reckon I like it right smart, that little ranch. Course it ain't much, just fifteen hundred acres or so. I like to set by the steps when it gits cool in the evenin' and it's gittin' dark and stars come out and I hear the goats comin' in. I read some poetry about it onst and I wisht I could find some more poetry like that. Got an old flute and sometimes I blow that when I'm settin' there. Kind o' company. The goats all come round, think there's sompn to eat I guess. Some folks tries to git me to move in town, but I reckon I'll stay on the ranch."

What does his wife think of it? I venture to inquire; I should think she might be lonely out there.

"No," he says, "my wife she stays in town with my daughter. She's all right; she makes doll clothes; and my daughter makes her livin' bakin' fancy cakes for parties. So we git along all right I reckon."

Sure, I say warmly, sure you do!

I look at him as we sit there smoking. He has a sort of refinement, he is clean like a fine animal, fresh-hearted as a boy. His intelligence is active and simple and sharp. His passions are strong and genuine, and they are kept to an open and wholesome proportion and temperance by his relation to the world about him. His relation to men, the soil and the natural earth is evenly distributed on account of the way he lives.

"I've got a lot of little kids out there," he goes on, poking at the ground between his feet and not looking up. "Most of 'em are white but there's one little black one. He's the smartest in the lot."

Mr. Wallace rises and starts on his way. I say after him as he goes that I'd like to come and see him some day. How was the road? Could we come in a car?

He makes a wry face as he turns back a moment:

"I'd shore like to have you come. I hope you will. But I dunno about the car. They's a road all the way all right but it's so rough you couldn' git there in a airplane without a accident."

I look back now and then as I walk, and see Mr. Wallace swinging along beside his horses and growing fainter and fainter in the dusk; and I think of him. He is so one with the world around him, so much a part of nature here, that he has a sort of pathos, something shy and brave and simple, something pathetic and incommunicable, like an animal. And then I can see him no longer, and return to the moment. The moon has set. A few soft clouds have blown in, but the skies are gentle and clear. The train is crossing the long railroad bridge; and in the starlight I can see the river below with the willows clouding the banks, and in the west the dim hills lie in a long, sighing line.

STARK YOUNG.

The Lost Phrase

Treacherous sleep, which comes to give,
Comes soon again to take,
The lustered, unremembered words
Which whisper men awake.

Sleep showed my phrase, then slipped it back
Into the sunken hold
Where the words which none may take in his hands
Glimmer like soft, white gold.

LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL.

The Crow's Nest

THERE was a swing-door in my brother's house, from the dining-room into the kitchen. The two bulldogs often wanted to go into the kitchen at meal-time. But the swing-door was mean. When a dog pushed it, it swung back, and struck him, or pinched his hindlegs. And even when he hadn't touched it, sometimes, but was just walking up to it, some one was apt to come through from the other side suddenly. Then that door smote a dog on the nose and knocked him over, before he could jump.

When Binks wanted to go through this door, he always remembered those bumps. He became low in his mind. He went up to the door pessimistically and doubtfully; and stood a long while before it, with his ears and tail and head all hanging down, trying to get up his courage. Finally, he began pushing at it, very slowly, so as not to anger it or get it to swinging at him; and then little by little he managed to squeeze uncomfortably through, with the door pinching away at him at every step, and making him tremble with fear. These were his successes. But worse still, of course, were his failures. For when he stood there so long, asking himself whether the kitchen was worth it, some one nearly always came through and knocked him over again. That made him skurry away, yelping with grief and despair. Then he sat under a table and thought to himself, "What a world."

The Amazon was not that kind of dog. She knew it was dangerous to go into the kitchen, but she accepted the risk. She threw herself at the door, flung it wide open, and usually slipped through untouched.

Binks was an affectionate, demonstrative dog. He loved George and W., both, and he was happiest when they and he were all three together. But he was sentimental about it. If George was upstairs and W. down, Binks was unsettled. The Amazon, if she couldn't be with both of them, decided on the one she would stay with and at least got that much companionship; but Binks went unhappily up and down, joining first one, then the other. He became so confused by this trotting, and by his own indecision, that he usually ended by stopping to rest in the middle of a trip, half way up the cold stairs. It was a poor place to stop, but he lay down there a moment, feeling exhausted, and put his nose between his paws to keep it warm, and immediately went fast to sleep. Naturally the first person who passed up or down in the dark stepped right on him.

At first he regarded every new dog he saw as his friend. He went up to them all, happy and confident, to make the usual dog overtures. Being full of an unthinking kind of good-feeling himself, he didn't see why every other dog shouldn't be too. If a dog didn't respond, Binks was astonished. If it growled, he was alarmed. Any expression of enmity was so unexpected, he didn't know what to do about it. No matter how small the growler was, Binks hurried away, much upset.

One day, as he was going up to a small dog to make his acquaintance, George held him back, thinking that the small dog's owner might be afraid. Binks struggled to get at him. The owner quickly grabbed up her small dog, which was now shrinking with terror. Binks, being a creature of reflexes, at once became fierce. He had inspired fear! He liked the sensation. He desired to chew that small dog.

After that experience, this exponent of good feeling actually fought several dogs, including some big ones,

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which he didn't know enough to avoid. He had no ballast, no sense about fighting: and of course no real courage. He went into battle wholly on the strength of his delusions of grandeur.

The Amazon never fought except when necessary; but when she did, it was serious. She was not only fearless, she had an iron will, and a white-hot attack.

"Want to go out walking, Binks?" George and W. sometimes would ask. Binks didn't know. Wasn't sure. Even when he did want to go, if a delay followed he would forget all about it. But when they asked the Amazon, she always knew at once what she wanted. Days that she wished to go, she hurled herself downstairs in delight, and slipped on the rug at the bottom, and banged into the door. Then she picked herself up and steadfastly waited there until that door was opened. W. might go off down into the kitchen to speak to the cook, then up again to get a hat, or to telephone. But the Amazon would wait on.

The Amazon was a year old when Binks was first brought to the house as a puppy; and she mothered him a little, or tolerated him. So Binks grew up piggy and selfish. He always shoved her out of the warm place by the fire, for instance. She stood for it—she got up and moved away when he was a nuisance. She could have crushed Binks if she'd cared to, but Binks never knew it. Before he came, when there were several dogs, and they all had their meals from one bowl, not one of them dared even to approach the bowl until she had finished. They waited in a ring, large and small, watching until she walked off, and then they ran up and ate what was left. She would stand no nonsense from any of them.

She didn't care for dogs anyhow. She treated them nearly all with contempt. There was a setter named Ranger, for instance, who used to come over, mornings. He leapt lightly and beautifully over the fence, and ran to my brother's back porch. Head up, tail straight and quivering. The Amazon was there, waiting at the door, gruff and slumpy, in her early morning mood. She paid no attention to him. He stepped nearer. She growled. Delighted at this sign that she at least admitted he was there, he stepped nearer still—but cautiously. She then let out a terrific growl, still with her back to him; and scratched impatiently at the door with her paw, until George let her in.

The dogs were strictly forbidden to lie on the sofa; but they sometimes jumped up for a nap on it when the family were out. When they heard a key in the front door, Binks scrambled off and lay down somewhere else. He looked so guilty, however, lying so unnaturally flat and close to the floor, that W. would suspect him. She'd feel the sofa, find a warm patch, and know what he'd done. Then Binks was in trouble again, with more sad reflections about how he had no luck. The Amazon, in similar circumstances, got off the sofa and lumbered away; and as she wasn't shrinking with guilt, she aroused no suspicion.

When the Amazon was punished she accepted it, shook herself, and walked off. Binks was entirely without such resolution. He squirmed and wriggled like everything, before, during, and after a whipping: he yelled, he was abject, unhappy. He always doubled his misery.

If you stepped on the Amazon, she didn't like it, but she was too loyal to snarl, or hit back. She simply took it as part of the bad of life. But if you stepped on Binks, he instinctively snapped at you. He was terribly ashamed of his intention the very next minute; but it was there, just the same; and with all his affection he used to come near biting his friends.

Binks loved to snuggle up to you, whenever he happened to think of it, and share any passing emotions he had; but he didn't note yours. The Amazon wanted communion. When she looked at those she loved, she seemed to listen to their thoughts and respond.

When she was ill and suffering, she silently rolled her eye at you: "What is to be done about this?" She trusted you; she let you do anything to her to help. Binks was frightened by pain, and at such moments didn't trust anyone.

When you sat alone at night with the Amazon, if you said, "Hist! what's that!" she sprang forward ready to meet anything on heaven or earth. She loved food and sunshine as much as anyone, she loved to rest with her friends, but she never hesitated a second to risk her life at the first call of danger. When you said "Hist!" to Binks, he barked loudly, then got thoughtful about it, and presently crawled under the chair, feeling shaky and worried. He knew that awful things—death and danger—were hunting round through the dark. He wanted to be protected from them somehow. He trusted to dodging them.

The Amazon didn't ask for safety. She trusted herself.

Binks had the infantile attitude. He never grew up. Yet he could have argued that he was more realistic than she. He, Binks, was the wise old materialist, trying to save his own skin; while the Amazon was so reckless she believed she could face the whole world.

CLARENCE DAY, JR.

CORRESPONDENCE

All Kinds Make Up a Circulation

SIR: It takes all kinds to make up a circulation. There is your correspondent of the other week who shuddered and cursed at the mere prospect—apparently novel to him—of Negroes rooming in the same Harvard dormitory with white students. Then there is your present correspondent, who lived contentedly at Harvard in the same dormitory with two black students a college year without ever hearing the arrangement even questioned.

WALTER T. FISHER.

Chicago.

Training For Nurses

SIR: May I call attention to one misstatement in your excellent editorial of July 12th on The Next Advance in Public Health? Speaking of the eight months specialized training in Public Health Nursing recommended in Miss Goldmark's report, you say "This third grade of training is obviously on a much higher plane than any now existing."

You will be glad to know that sixteen such courses have already been well established, fifteen of them under college or university auspices. The first was developed in Teachers College, Columbia University, in 1910, and hundreds of public health nurses have graduated from this and other courses since then, many of the students attending from two to three years and receiving B. S. and A. M. degrees as well as their special diplomas in Public Health Nursing.

It may be of interest to your readers to know that there are several colleges and universities which give the fundamental nursing course as well, with its coordinated hospital training. Among these are the Universities of Minnesota, Indiana, Cincinnati, California, Michigan, Northwestern, Western Reserve, Columbia, and Simmons College.

The beginning has been made, but public interest and financial support are urgently needed to strengthen and extend it, and to put the whole training of the 50,000 student nurses in this country on a sounder educational and economic basis.

The Committee for the Study of Nursing Education has done a great public service in showing the relation of this educational problem to the whole program of public health and hospital work.

New York City. MABEL M. STEWART.

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Books and Things

IT must have been all this talk about Americanization which started me going. Somehow or other it got my goat, more or less. I've been reading Americanizing articles, so helpful and so self-satisfied, by writers who evidently were not anything that my mother's knee had taught me to regard as American. I went three or four times to one of those places where Americanizers get in their missionary work. Frankly, as man to man, I tell you that these people made me tired. By what right did they set about the august task of Americanizing the stranger within our gates? What made them so darned certain that they were themselves Americans? "Physician, heal thyself, and be quick about it." That's what I wanted to say to them and write to them and work in worsted and hang on their walls.

I did none of these things. Why not? Because, when I came to think of it, I found out that they were not more incompetent to Americanize the immigrants than I was to Americanize the Americanizers. I saw that I must begin at home. I must make a study of Americanism. An intensive study, of course. The fashion of studying nowise except intensively is getting to be so common that I foresee, and at no distant date either, the disappearance of "study" as a noun by itself, and its replacement by the finer word "intensivestudy." I must make an intensivestudy of Americanism as it actually exists among Americans, i. e. among the majority. And how, said I, can I do that more fruitfully than by examining American wishes and American imperatives? Condemned to a sedentary life, no longer able to mingle freely with the populace, where can I find a better substitute for personal contacts than in the place where commands are shouted, where "thou shalt nots" are thundered down, where wishes are planted and watered, where the noble army of wishers is taught how to get what it wants?

So I took, intensively took, to studying the ads. Without, I am sorry to say, a teacher. Why have we in this country, notwithstanding our richness in mail-order night schools and twilight colleges, not a single course which tells the ambitious learners how to read ads? A strange oversight. Be that as it may, however, I did my untaught best with such material as I could find. My days among the ads were passed, around me I did see, where this insolvent eye was cast, the letters f. o. b. And after finishing my self-appointed course I went early one morning straight to the house of an Americanizing acquaintance.

"See here," I began, "what call have you to Americanize our immigrating friends? What qualification? Hasn't your life been spent in leaving American things undone and in doing un-American things? Granted that you have never taught, or even tried to teach, a parrot to say just as good, you have often been guilty of offenses that are just as grave. You let day after day go by without insisting on the genuine article, without the faintest attempt at self-measurement, without earning money in your spare time, without clipping and mailing this coupon now. Last week, when we met in the corner drug store, I caught you in the act of accepting an inferior substitute. Can you deny that at this moment"—my friend was shaving his upper lip—"you are allowing some metal to touch you? Never, not once in a longish life, have you pinned on a dollar bill or sent us the name of your nearest dealer."

Preston—his name is W. H. Seward Preston, which is one more initial than my idea of an American ought to have—wiped his razor, eyeing me reflectively from time to time, led me into his bed room, and began to dress. "I think," he said at last, "that you don't quite do me justice. True, I don't regulate my life altogether as if it were passed in your great taskmaster's eye, the advertiser's. My fingers do not seem all thumbs while I am tying this bow tie. The careless jaunty effect which I achieve, thus, is due more to my own skill than to any exclusive patented feature. But in my humble way I am o'ermastered by the high behests that here in New York confront me. I destroy all previous directories, I step lively, I move to the front of the car, I try to have the dime ready. In fact, although . . ."

"Nonsense," I interrupted him at this point, being unable to stand any more. "Utter nonsense. Your mind seems hopelessly confused. How much nearer to genuine Americanism has an immigrant moved when he has moved to the front of the car? Does a Lithuanian after destroying a previous directory look any more like a native of Indiana? You must teach the immigrant to aim higher. Teach him, if he would enter into the spirit of our American life, to build his beauty in Nature's way, not to envy a good complexion, to judge it for size, for flavor and for mildness, to eat and grow thin, to achieve a fearless personality, to remove superfluous hair, to tell an honest broker from a bucket shop, never to mail an uninsured check, and above all to earn money in his spare time."

"I begin to see," Preston answered in his fumbling way. "If I wish to make an American out of an immigrant I must try to make him like our majority. And if I want to know how the majority feels I must act like the majority. And the majority answers the ads in magazines of national circulation. But no one ad reader can respond to every stimulus. I, for example, cannot see myself as the lady who needs unusual dress shield protection. If I banished gray hair in fifteen minutes, I fear I should be bald. And even when advice given by advertisers sounds as if it were specially addressed to me, I may go wrong.

"In fact, I have gone wrong. Not long ago I found a magic phrase in the ads, a phrase which could not have fitted my case more closely if it had been made to my measure. Under its inspiration I ordered a few things I was in want of—coffee, collars, unclocked socks, an electric piano-player, a musical hat-rack, the Sears-Roebuck edition of Baudelaire . . ." "Please don't try to be funny," I broke in. "And yet," Preston went on as if he hadn't heard me, "I didn't get a single satisfactory answer; not one of my orders was filled, although I'm positive I put that phrase into every letter I wrote—'please send me, without obligation on my part.' Only in one letter did I expose myself to obligation. I believe I did offer, in ordering an encyclopedia, to read the first two volumes and then return the others if I didn't like what I had read."

My mind is nothing if not mobile, and before we had got to the bottom of the stairs I had reached the conclusion that Preston's was a hopeless case. He would never be the kind of American I had been studying, intensively, in the magazine ads. While he was dressing he had had every opportunity to point with pride to his union suit, his suspenders, his collar. He had done none of these things. He didn't so much as own a union suit. When he sat down to his breakfast—how can a man aspire to do any Americanizing who takes nothing but coffee and toast for breakfast?—he shoved the cigarettes toward me without mentioning the distance he'd walk to get one. Preston will never be an American. His place is back on the other side.

P. L.

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The Higher Hedonism

Since Cézanne, by Clive Bell. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50

FROM his superior aesthetic Alp Mr. Clive Bell continues to discharge his lightning. Typically modern, he looks at painting through French eyes: he defends the best that France has to offer, abuses the British and ignores the Americans. He holds no brief for art—he takes it for granted, and if you happen to be one of those benighted souls incapable of the aesthetic emotion, you are beneath consideration—he assassinates the charlatans with relentless cunning, and hurls a scathing bolt among the academic nincompoops. Mr. Bell is a popular irritant: he writes with challenging enthusiasm for spiritual enlightenment and with trenchant contempt for ignorance; and his old method of stating a long-studied opinion in terms of brilliant arrogance is still extraordinarily effective. You may accept his theories or not, but you must admit that for sheer ability to turn public attention to the unwelcome vitality of contemporary painting he is without a peer.

In 1914, when his book called Art was published, The Athenaeum pronounced him the most remarkable analyst of the beautiful since Ruskin. I doubt if Mr. Bell relished the compliment, but at any rate he was immediately established as one of the ablest of living critics. To him the art-object was a pure and unique product, and to determine its validity one had only to apply the magic test of "significant form." And what was significant form? "Lines and colours which, when combined according to certain unknown and mysterious laws, moved us in a particular way"; which provoked "the aesthetic emotion." The basis of appreciation was entirely subjectivistic: "one had no right, neither was there any necessity, to pry behind the object into the state of mind of him who made it." Now the idea of significant form is one of the most captivating and at the same time one of the most inadequate hypotheses ever promulgated in the history of criticism, and I am happy to say that its author, while he harks back to it with unequivocal language in his latest volume, has obviously carried it beyond its original limitations. Pursued logically, as Mr. Bell would have us pursue it, the theory abstracts art from humanity, and leads forthwith into a cold world of Platonic transcendentalism; it severs the connection between art and life, and for the true concrete reality built up by the painter out of his general experience substitutes an intangible quintessence of something or other—that indefinable reality which has been metaphysically labelled the "thing-in-itself"; in short, it makes of art an isolated affair the lines and colors of which may play deliciously upon the sensations of the voluptuously elect.

It is, I think, indisputable that the meaning of art is to be found within its forms, and that the form of an object must be significant, that is, dependent on design. But over the meaning of design most writers come to grief. Superficially the word is made to connote technical processes—linear rhythms, juxtaposition of masses, values, balance, and so on. Profoundly the word refers to the fundamentals of creative activity: the abstraction of the artist's life; the aesthetic fact, or the new reality of beauty which is born when the selected materials of experience have been shaped into a permanent and compact unit, when man's love for a language beyond the fragmentary speech of every-day existence has been externalized in a form which can be grasped in its entirety. All this, of course, might be epitomized in the term organization, a popular hack, which, if completely understood, would solve all the riddles of art. It is at this point that the critic is forced to "pry behind the object into the state of mind of him who made it," thereby gaining insight into the artist's place in society, ascertaining the distinction between subject-matter and motif, accounting for the revolutions and dissatisfactions in art, and finally acquiring comprehensive knowledge of the meaning of art.

I shall not attempt to describe the aesthetic emotion. Just how it differs from other emotions I cannot guess; nor has any psychologist succeeded in distinguishing it in kind from religious, moral, culinary, and other responses. It is quite possible that Mr. Bell has experienced it: in fact, after reading in Art (page 98) that "to appreciate fully a work of art we require nothing but sensibility," I have always fancied that looking at pictures filled him with sensual ecstasy. I can imagine nothing more joyous and instructive than to behold Mr. Bell standing, or sitting, before a Wei Figure (Fifth Century), a Peruvian Pot, or a Cézanne, undergoing the aesthetic emotion. I have visualized his facial expressions and speculated on his organic sensations. If his reaction has anything in common with other emotions it must be accompanied by certain organic surges, and shot through and through with feelings; and since all feelings are reducible to the pleasant or the unpleasant (pleasant in this case), it follows that his enjoyment of art is a sort of astute hedonism. But his latest volume tends to correct this impression. He says: "Even to understand art a man must make a great intellectual effort . . . feeling and intellect are needed . . . and—most distressing of all—study."

Much of Since Cézanne presents Mr. Bell at his best. These twenty essays contradict most admirably his former dogma that a knowledge of men and of periods is inessential to the appraisal of pictures. Swiftly, skilfully, and without waste he traces the complex developments of the men of Paris back to the old master of Provençe. His classification of contemporary painters into the "temperamental" and the "doctrinaire" is rather arbitrary, but highly serviceable as a means to explain precisely what the modern artists are driving at; and he is right in naming Picasso the "animator" of the later tendencies. It is to be regretted that he has omitted the Americans, for we have on this side of the Atlantic a number of men whose work is not only as important as the French but also a direct continuation of the great tradition, the tradition which he so clearly differentiates from sterile convention.

In his essay on Criticism he says: "To put the public in the way of aesthetic pleasure, that is the end for which critics exist, and to that end all means are good." Most art criticism is deadly—after reading it one has no use for pictures—the criticism of Mr. Bell accomplishes its end. As a stimulus to the enjoyment of art it is the most provocative that we have. But it is always a matter of pleasure. He calls himself a connoisseur in pleasure, and in Plus de Jazz—a dazzling piece of writing—he rejoices that the ragtime disease is dying, and that "the age of easy acceptance of the first thing that comes is closing." Mr. Bell is extremely fastidious; he demands the best, and his philosophy is a high and glorious hedonism that most readers will find irresistible.

THOMAS CRAVEN.

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A Page of Fiction

The White Kami, by Edward Alden Jewell. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

DESERT islands are, in conception and representation, either laboratories for the isolation and testing of man, or picturesque sets for staging dull romance. They are the nearest approach to separation from the mainlands of companionship and the accustomed which earth or imagination provides, although even an island is, as Conrad says, "but the top of a mountain." Great literature and "comic opera" have resulted. And it is into the latter class that Mr. Jewell's book exuberantly abounds.

The jacket-blurb, by Wilson Follett, says that here is the "vividly exotic scene of Conrad's in 'An Outcast of the Islands.'" Conrad, who has other use for an island than a painted drop, would better be left out. The mystery man against the mystery not-man, called Nature; the testing of a man's fibre, the revelation of his pitiful and awful courage; life stripped by the physical to the starkly spiritual—with these things are the tops of Conrad's sunken mountains concerned, rather than with settings exotic enough to give puppet-plays life.

And yet the movement of the book has the exhilaration of a gallop; one wonders at the contrasted virility and value of Mr. Jewell's work.

L. T. N.

The Haunting, by C. A. Dawson-Scott. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.00.

WHEN is a ghost story not a ghost story? This is the question that puzzled me when I finished reading Mrs. Dawson-Scott's book. And that in spite of the fact it has been a long time since I have come across a tale so engaging, so uncommonly well written as The Haunting.

Quite naturally one thinks of Stevenson and The Merry Men. I do not propose that The Haunting is as fine a work of art as The Merry Men, but it does contain elements of the supernatural quite as uncanny and Mrs. Dawson-Scott is sufficient master of verisimilitude to make them convincing. Why, then, does her book fail to leave one with that final delicious shudder without which a ghost story is hardly worthy of its name? Surely it is not because we have grown old and stupid. Edgar Allen Poe will soon disillusion us on that score.

The answer, I think, is simple. When realism enters the front door romance jumps out of the window. This particular sort of romance, at any rate, depends so necessarily on a harmonious environment and the exclusion of every detail that may detract for one moment from the essential mystery. The "Gothic" element in fiction is an ill-humored actor who struts the stage alone or not at all.

Mrs. Dawson-Scott found herself quite as interested in Stowe and the people of this little Cornish town as in Gale Corlyon and Pascoe—dead or alive. She found the autumnal love of Corlyon and Morwenna just as intriguing as the ghost on the settle. Consequently she rounded out a story of town and townspeople altogether interesting in itself. But poor ghostie had to take a back seat. And inevitably. For after all, sunlight and the humble daily fare of mortality is hardly a nourishing environment for ghosts.

E. S.

Nêne, by Ernest Pérochon. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.75.

THIS novel, which won the Prix Goncourt in 1920, is a well executed piece of work and one feels in its pages the spirit of genuine sincerity and effort. But that something we call genius, so precious that a grain of it will often illumine whole chapters of indifferent workmanship—hardly.

I thought, perhaps, much might be blamed the translator for this impression. But there is no great difference in the original. The language seems just as uncommonly stiff and correct for rustics. I am not making a plea for the photographic kind of dialogue, but if the language is not rendered literally it must be interpretively. It is a choice of naturalism or expressionism. Either the author must let his characters speak for themselves or he must hear their souls speaking behind their meagre handful of words. M. Pérochon has done neither. He has only put his own words into their mouths, has talked as he supposes they talk, and has failed to catch the rhythm.

The essential failure of the book might be stated as a corollary to this matter of language. The author has not learned to let people, places, things talk for themselves. He narrates them and consequently the reader feels one remove away from reality. What might be a living fragment of life becomes merely another book. When one thinks of Thomas Hardy, with whom M. Pérochon has been favorably and thoughtlessly compared, the distinction becomes obvious.

In brief, a middling, two-dimensional sort of book, a book not of French peasant life but about it, a book far from the great tradition of French novels.

E. S.

Peter Whiffle, His Life and Works, by Carl Van Vechten. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

THE vacillating Whiffle, without power of decision or selection, was inhibited from writing a book by the fluidity of his own theories on how and about what it should be written. This book gives the impression that its author is in like case, but is giving his own inhibition a desperate fight by writing down, in lieu of anything else, the pros and cons of all there is to write and all the ways there are to write it, and by letting the cat speak the last word for him as it has done before. The message of the cat, that merely to exist is best, that "it is necessary to do only what one is forced by nature to do," is the best of all rationalizations for the inhibited.

Peter entertained at least four successive theories of art: Mr. Van Vechten himself in this book has put into practice only the first of them, that it is a voluminous and styleful listing without subject. Here is a very voluptuousness of enumeration. He is a collector of condiments in conversation. There is a meaningless unrestraint, a sensuous showiness, about the book.

The best and most sincere word in the book is Peter's summing-up before he dies: "There are two ways of becoming a writer: one, the cheaper, is to discover a formula: that is black magic; the other is to have the urge: that is white magic." Is Mr. Van Vechten "forced by nature" to pursue the cheaper way?

L. T. N.

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Sir Wilfrid Laurier

The Life and Letters of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, by Oscar Douglas Skelton. Two volumes. New York; The Century Co. $8.00.

WILFRID LAURIER, the offspring of sterling old French stock, was born in 1841. His ancestors came to Canada in the age of the Great Louis and the story of momentous days can be told in the terms of Laurier's family history. He was brought up strictly in the Catholic faith and educated at L'Assomption College in Latin literature and the sermons of Bossuet. No writings of Voltaire, Diderot, Victor Hugo, or Karl Marx, stained his youthful mind. His adventure in learning was safe. He took up the practice of law and settled quietly in a country village where the modest income of two thousand dollars a year made him rich. In 1871 he entered the provincial legislature and three years later the parliament of the Dominion. In 1887, at the age of forty-six, he was the leader of the Liberal party. In 1896 he formed his first ministry and until his death in 1919 he was associated, in office and out, with all the important political events that occurred in the Dominion.

A devout Catholic, made Liberal by peculiar circumstances, correct in habits, pontifical in public life, serene and circumspect, Laurier offers nothing picturesque to a biographer. He was solid, substantial, honorable, dignified, and cultivated. There was nothing impetuous or dashing about him. During the fifty years of his public life he passed through no times that tried men's souls. He was for Canadian autonomy, but not too much. He was inclined toward free trade, but not too insistent. Compare him with Charles James Fox, Lamartine, or Parnell and he seems as drab as a church warden. He belonged, in fact to the Gladstone school and came as near divining the future as did that great evangelist.

Mr. Skelton has been true to his subject. He has written a plain, prosaic account worthy of a plain, prosaic man, but nevertheless a work which we provincial Americans should all read. There is a chapter on the making of a Canadian as interesting as any background ever drawn for the Adams family. After the first forty-four pages, Mr. Skelton plunges into politics, giving us first a sketch of the general scene and then tracing fifty years of Canadian development. This is proper, for the history of Laurier is the history of Canada during his period. Here is an account of racial squabbles, religious conflicts, railway scandals, tariff battles, contests of kites and crows, reciprocity, imperial controversies, and finally the last days during the World War. Some of it relates to matters of little importance to Canadians and less importance to residents in the United States. No one on this side of the line need bother, for example, with "schools and scandals," except by way of gaining consolation. The chapters on imperial affairs, reciprocity, and relations with the United States between 1896 and 1903, however, ought to be read by every editor, teacher, and interested citizen in this country. There is plain speaking in them, but no rancor. They give a view from the north side of the fence which helps us see ourselves as others see us. The spiritual value of this kind of education is beyond question. No one should venture to write the history of the generation just past without consulting Mr. Skelton's full and judicious record.

Perhaps it is as necessary in biographies as in oil paintings to be severe; but at the very end of Mr. Skelton's story there is a letter by Sir Wilfrid on Hémon's Maria Chapdelaine, a letter so full of tenderness and discernment that it casts a new light upon the thousand pages that precede it. Sir Wilfrid loved that marvellous book. Though he offered a criticism born of deep knowledge, he declared it "a work of worth and beauty." It gripped his heart. Then he must have had more of Lincoln in his soul than the debates on tariff and reciprocity revealed. Perhaps, perhaps he may have suspected that the sage of Hawarden did not possess the whole revelation. The great gray stone figure which Mr. Skelton has carved for us melts down a bit into common humanity at sunset.

CHARLES A. BEARD.

From Bad to Verse

POETRY is a saddening land, if you travel over it from one corner to the other. You will find there, of course, a Vale of Tempe, and caverns measureless to man, but there are many miles in between, and these miles are filled with merely noble groves or pretty brooks or empty formal gardens. It has, too, its perverse little patches where tulips and sunflowers grow together, its pathetically rustic arbors, its dismally comfortable suburbs with iron spaniels on the lawn. There are many small pleasant sheets of water in this country, most of them rightly called "Echo Lake."

You will never know this country unless, once in a while, you take a ticket to anywhere and get off at all stations on the way, no matter how unpromising.

Here to begin is Mr. Gustav Melby's Twilight (Minneapolis: K. C. Holter Co. $1.50). It is "dedicated to the memory of Mrs. Nellie Gilrath Volstead." Poetry of a somewhat local flavor, for we have "Minnehaha in October"; and the lines "I have heard his speech against the wrong—It sounded like a torrent strong," refer to Senator Knute Nelson of Minnesota. Not entirely local, for there are some lines to Venus: "The fairest goddess poet ever made, without a fillet bathing skirt or hose." Due to a lack of certain qualities whose absence is not entirely explained by Mr. Melby's statement that "It is not long since I was but a youth" his volume hardly seeems, as Baedeker says, "Suitable for a prolonged stay." Mr. D. W. Newsom's Song and Dream (Stratford: $2.50) is more worth while. He solves the difficulty of finding a rhyme to "Babe Ruth" with "by gooth." He risks startling at least one of three from his grave with the lines "Keats and Byron seemeth dull, And old Wordsworth such a pull, When his heart's so raging full, As you know." The poem To Mamma is preceded by Non Omnis Moriar—luckily he did not choose Exegi Monumentum. He rather gives himself away toward the end with "I scribble on my shirt and cuff—Or on the Kitchen Soap."

Mr. Saxe Churchill Stimson's Blue Lakes to Golden Gates (Milwaukee: Published by the author. $1.00) is interesting. It is the appreciative and informative record of a trip to the Coast: "Colorado is the nation's treasury of gold and silver and lead For Commerce, and rivals Switzerland with its towering Peak." "Still working westward, we cross the Mormon state." "On Mount Hamilton, one views the stars Through a Telescope, and worships their creator, Christ the Lord; The ascent is

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easy, riding in cars." At last he reaches the coast, and with it a lyric pitch—

This is a sonnet to the Santa Clara prune.

Many years ago there was published a thick green book called The Poets of Maine. It can still be bought, for fifty cents. Some four hundred poets contributed to it, and at that time they must have amounted to nearly one percent of the state's total population. Unfortunately the book does not fulfill the promise of its name. There's nothing in it so good as the poetry of either Mr. Stimson, Mr. Newsom, or Mr. Melby.

There are stations, in this Territory of Poetry, at which one alights to feel a pang of something between pity and respect, and where one gets quickly on board again without a smile. Such is The Silent Chord, by the Rev. J. Dimpfl (Boston: The Stratford Company. $1.25). We meet here old friends like "the riven mast," the "age scarred hills," and their inevitable companion, the "murmuring rills." We have the first cousin of other old friends: "The sun was glad when the dewdrop smiled," and many another worn pleasant phrase, hopelessly echoing worn, pleasant, friendly emotions. But even when exploring the very minor leagues of poetry one has preferences among the players. And Mr. Dimpfl is to be preferred to the Land of Beginning Again (by Louisa Fletcher. Boston: Small Maynard & Co.) because he is not pretentious. He never says anything like "my theme grows thunderous and my urge immense." He wouldn't think of summing up Life in this way: "Art at a distance stands to gaze; Bent history writes at her feet; Music close nestles to her heart, Poesy—cheek to cheek." (We thought Terpsichore alone did this nowadays.) Yet there are goodish traces in The Land of Beginning Again—flickerings of feeling and intelligence in the poem on Debussy.

It is high time we hit upon something with a modern note. It pierces here and there in Loureine Aber's We Are the Musk Chasers (Chicago: Ralph Fletcher Seymour), in a sort of emotional shorthand, in the constant recurrence of "hands," "fingertips" and "lips," in such lines as "The frank beauty of my body as it comes dripping from the bath." Not really a bit modern though—or she would not say "There is so much of wondering in every dinky thing." That's it: dinky; and also ice-creamish, and salt in the ice-cream. Mr. Ivor Winter's very slim The Magpie's Shadow (Chicago: Musterbrookhouse) is "modern" in a quite different way. On each page there is a title, and one line, such as "Winter Echo—Thin air! My wind is gone." One or two of the pages are completely naked. At the rate of nulla dies sine linea Mr. Winters spent a month on this volume. In yet another way Mr. S. A. De Witt (Iron Monger. New York: Frank Shay and Co. $1.25) is also modern. The green-cellar-at-midnight-with-gargoyles kind: "Last night I overheard you chatting with a maggot." Occasionally he is arresting:

A negro Cyclops with one blind eye
Gropes in a dead swamp
Through swarms of fireflies.

By this time one is a little tired of casual travelling in the Poetry land of today. It is discouraging work. But there is some encouragement for these poets to be found in the poetry of the past, in this line, for instance,

Jones! As from Calais southward you and I

which was written by Wordsworth.

After swallowing much feeble poetry one loses all ability to recognize what may be good. It is a predicament a little like the professional tea-taster's.

With this difference: that the lucky tea-taster can spit the tea out again.

Robert Littell.

Japanese American Relations

Japanese American Relations, by Iichiro Tokutomi. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

YOU savor the quality of this book when you run through its pages and come to a chapter heading: The So-called Shantung Question, and under it the opening sentence: "The so-called Shantung question is a farce framed up at the very beginning of last year (1919) by Vi Kyuin Wellington Koo, C. T. Wong, Lansing, the then Secretary of State of the United States, and others." If you know much about Japan you will then have read enough to know all that the author has to say and all that he thinks. I did. On reading the first three pages I could have closed the book and recited the rest of it so that the author would hardly have known I was not reading aloud.

You will know that he will talk of the westward sweep of the thirteen colonies to the Mississippi; then the war on Mexico and the rape of Texas and California; then the sweep westward to the Pacific and then the annexation of Hawaii; then the Spanish-American war and the seizure of the Philippines, Cuba and Porto Rico. You know that he will say that the anti-Japanese feeling in China is the result of American incitation, as witness Shantung, whence America conspires to drive out Japan so that it may have the province as well as the rest of China; and that American insistence that Japan evacuate Siberia is due to America's design to conquer that, too. You know that he will dwell indignantly on America's exclusion of Japanese immigrants and then work up to a grand climax: America, locking its own continent against Japanese, simultaneously conspires to bar Japan out of its own continent, pinioning its starving inhabitants in their little islands. Thus he will explain all the questions growing out of Japan's actions in Shantung and elsewhere in China, in Korea, in Siberia. All American machinations. The Siberians, the Koreans, the Chinese don't mind at all.

In a sense this is unfair criticism. It is like saying that Hamlet is dull because it is so full of old saws. For Mr. Tokutomi is one of the major prophets of the school of thought of which the foregoing is the first principle. He is the foremost stylist and newspaper essayist in Japan, a member of the House of Peers and the editor of the Kokumin Shimbun, a Tokio daily of considerable influence. It is only because of his personality that his book is worth notice at all.

If there is any other reason, it is that there is so large an element of truth in his j'accuse, and for Americans it is good to know that only within their own borders does their country figure as the pure and spotless Columbia holding judgment on a peccant world. So one welcomes Mr. Tokutomi's unillusioned thinking and blunt speaking, particularly as contrasted with the soapy blandishments of the

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pseudo-liberal Japanese who generally write for American consumption. There is a commendable forthright honesty in Mr. Tokutomi's insistence that England has befriended Japan only out of self-interest, that America has opposed Japan only out of self-interest and that Japan should act with respect to both and to the Far East only out of self-interest, for self-interest is the highest law of nationalities. But there his honesty ceases. He does not apply it equally to Japan itself. He does not say that in self-interest and self-protection Japan must subjugate China and Siberia and hold command of Asia. You would admire him for that. Instead he repeats the old cant about the over-population bursting the bounds of Japan and forcing it to expand—regretfully, of course. In that he is as dishonest as all the apologists for Japanese militarism. In fact, whenever you find a Japanese inveighing against American imperialism and American exclusion of Japanese immigrants you may be sure he is puffing a smoke screen over Japanese imperialistic aggressions, even insofar as his charges can be substantiated.

Nevertheless, one welcomes the opportunity to see as here in this book what has formed Japan's political thinking, and simultaneously utters a prayer of gratitude that the influence of the Tokutomis has begun to wane in Japan.

NATHANIEL PEFFER.

George Sylvester Viereck, Gedichte. Mit Einer Einführung von Eduard Engel. Leipzig: Hesse und Becker Verlag.

MR. GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK, who received much favorable notice from many critics when The Candle and the Flame appeared in 1912, has followed his unnoticed Songs of Armageddon (1916) with a collection of verse written in and translated into his native tongue. As this collection comes from Leipzig it would seem that its publication is in response to a demand from the country of Goethe for such poems as Die Sieger and An den Friedensfürsten Wilhelm II. It is to be hoped that such is not the case and that some critic with German blood in his veins will tell Mr. Viereck unequivocally that prolonged residence in America has ruined the poet that was in him. R. H.

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A Communication

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